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SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

THE Spanish declaration of war against Morocco was easily to be foreseen. In this instance, the principal object of the war is rather war itself than conquest, vengeance, or redress. The unwonted preparations which have been made were not to be thrown away because the Moors might be willing to make all reasonable concessions to avoid an attack. The light weights in *Bell's Life*, who are ready for any customer under 9st. 10lb., often state in their advertisements that their money is ready, and that they mean business. Spain also seems to have the money, not having frittered it away in paying debts, and Morocco is justly thought a comparatively safe and easy opponent. The English Government has done its duty in attempting to interpose its good offices, and, in the present disorganized state of European police, it now only remains to stand aside and to look on. France has at the same time picked a quarrel with the new Emperor of Morocco, for the apparent purpose of extending the western frontier of Algeria. It is asserted, indeed, in one newspaper, that the Moors have burned some French prisoners alive, and that their comrades are burning in turn to avenge the outrage; but it is evident that the metaphorical combustion in the second part of the paragraph has been converted by the ingenious journalist into a literal holocaust of captive soldiers. No such extravagant provocation is required to account for a new border war. The Kabyles have been completely reduced to submission within the province, and the weapons of the African army would rust if they were not to find employment in conquest. With the experience of Scinde, of Peshawur, and the Nepaulese frontier of India before their eyes, Englishmen are scarcely at liberty to dispute the necessity or justice of frequent collisions between the garrisons of a newly-conquered territory and the predatory tribes who find themselves for the first time in contact with the outskirts of civilization. There is a great convenience in controlling the lowland resorts of troublesome mountaineers, and the immediate object of the French expedition seems to be the occupation of Ouchda, which is the commercial capital and market of a warlike district around and behind it. It is possible that a more extensive scheme of conquest may have been concerted with Spain in the event of easy and rapid success against the common enemy, and the assistance offered by the Emperor NAPOLEON, though as yet confined to supplies of military material, may justify grave misgivings as to the ulterior objects of the allied Governments; but the French have had the opportunity of learning the expense and anxiety of holding a wolf by the ears. The English wars in India have almost always been undertaken for the security of dominions previously acquired, and the rich plains of Bengal have paid for the conquest of remoter provinces. Algeria, on the other hand, has hitherto been a barren possession, and if half the Empire of Morocco were included in its limits, the proportion of outlay to profit would be enormously increased. The French dominions will probably expand with every successive war on the frontier, but a prudent Government will not be eager to accelerate the process.

Spain has less experience of the conditions of victory, and is more in need of what is called glory. More than a century has elapsed since Opposition satirists in England affected to doubt whether there was "an island yet unclaimed by Spain," and even in those days the great monarchy of PHILIP II. had sunk far in its decline. The subsequent revival only made CHARLES III. a secondary member of the BOURBON Family Alliance, and his degenerate successor was content to be the tool of NAPOLEON before he became his victim. Despotism, Jacobinical anarchy, financial dishonesty, and civil war have broken down the strength and greatness of a nation which was once the first in Europe. As some of the causes of decay have ceased to operate, the

nation, conscious of returning prosperity, not unnaturally desires that its capacity for independent action should once more be recognised by its neighbours. It is true that the respect of England would be more certainly secured by a display of honest intentions to the creditors who have been so shamelessly plundered; but France has successfully propagated in all Continental countries her own "idea" that war is the chief duty of man, and the lesson is especially congenial to the Spanish character. The contest with Morocco may perhaps unite different factions in a common feeling; and if it continues, it will train up veteran soldiers who may vindicate the national honour in more serious struggles. At the same time it will undoubtedly produce a troublesome accumulation of generals and decorated officers; and if Marshal O'DONNELL himself takes the command, his decision is probably influenced by the knowledge that any other commander would soon become a rival Minister.

Notwithstanding the vicinity of Morocco to Europe, there is scarcely any country which is so imperfectly known. The chieftain or Sultan, who is called Emperor, exercises but an uncertain jurisdiction over the various tribes which inhabit his dominions, although he may perhaps be able to unite all his nominal subjects in a holy war against the invading infidel. His military resources are probably those of other semi-barbarous potentates, consisting in the warlike habits of an unsettled population, in religious fanaticism, and in a country without roads or general cultivation. If he meets the Spaniards in the field, he will inevitably be defeated by a disciplined infantry and by a superior artillery; but the African but not the Moorish head-quarters. On the whole, it is desirable that the vanity of Spain should be satisfied by some early success; and it is possible that the concessions which might have been secured by negotiation will, with inconsiderable additions, be thought sufficient when they acquire an artificial value as trophies of war. It is impossible to feel any strong interest even in those Moorish tribes which are exempt from the guilt of rapine and piracy. No historian has satisfactorily explained the disappearance of that Mahometan civilization which was finally forced back across the Straits of Gibraltar by the comparatively rude vigour of the Christians of Spain. In the Morocco of the present day there is neither science, nor courtly refinement, nor chivalry, nor the graceful fancy which is preserved in the remains of Moorish architecture.

The reasons for regarding the war with uneasiness and dissatisfaction are more solid and less sentimental. Such is the perversity of Continental theories of economy, that freedom of trade generally recedes as the area of civilization and of Christendom extends. Turkey is far less irrational in matters of commerce than Austria or Russia; and the Moors of the Mediterranean coast are so far in advance of the Spaniards that they are in the habit of buying what they want, and, by the same transaction, selling what they can spare. As soon as an additional territory is included within the frontier of the Spanish possessions in Africa, the trade of Gibraltar with the ceded district will be cut off, except so far as it may be actively carried on by smugglers. Barbarians have not yet risen to the level of the folly which characterizes the Spanish tariff and the economical creed of the people. It is still a general belief that England engaged in the Peninsular War for the

purpose of suppressing a small factory which is traditionally supposed to have produced some cotton or woollen fabric in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and the conquerors will take care to protect Ceuta and Melilla against the unsleeping jealousy of Manchester. The disinclination of English traders to see new lines of custom-houses established is well known to all Continental patriots under the name of tyrannical insular monopoly.

A vaguer, but not less serious, reason for objecting to the war consists in the uncertainty which attends the commencement of strife or the letting out of waters. In the actual state of Europe—or, in other words, during the prevalence of the Imperial system in France—there is no security against plots, or caprices, or sudden revulsions of policy. Armies in the field and fleets at sea are dangerous playthings, when only one Power of the first order is known to be seriously desirous of permanent peace. There is, however, no reason for exhibiting any unfriendly feeling to Spain; and, if the Moorish enterprise is a proof of the regeneration of the country, it ought to be welcomed with satisfaction. Marshal O'DONNELL may rely on the neutrality of England, and he has secured the co-operation of France. It must be assumed that he entertains no alarm as to the policy which, in the event of a reverse, might be adopted by America in relation to Cuba.

THE POPE'S SUBJECTS.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH "has the conviction that "the temporal power of the HOLY FATHER is not opposed "to the liberty of Italy." In accordance with this belief, it is probably intended that the inhabitants of the Legations shall sooner or later, if possible, be reduced to their former subjection, or at least left to an unrecognised situation as dangerous to their independence as open force. It seems, therefore, desirable to show that the confidence of the Emperor NAPOLEON is quite groundless. There are circumstances in the relation of the POPE's subjects to his government which, under every conceivable modification of his system, must place them, as respects personal freedom, in a worse position than any other Christian nation. In order to establish this, it is necessary to leave out of sight the grievances which the population of the Legations suffers in common with the subjects of other Roman Catholic and despotic Sovereigns. Let us say nothing of the utter collapse of political liberty in the Papedom, because there are other European States from which it is as completely expelled. Let us say nothing of the proscription of religious freedom—nothing of the outrage on national pride involved in the resort to coercion by foreign bayonets—nothing of the inefficiency of the POPE's civil administration—nothing of the disorder of his finances—nothing of his downright hostility to material improvements—nothing of the diplomatic nullity of the States he rules. All these public misfortunes are endured by other national societies, though so many of them are rarely found in conjunction. France is almost as despotically governed. Austria suffers almost as much religious persecution. Naples is about as shamelessly anti-Italian. Spain is as insolvent, and has nearly as little moral weight in the European confederacy. There is, however, a form and degree of oppression to be undergone by the subjects of the POPE which quite transcends anything which Frenchmen, Austrians, and Spaniards have now, or ever have had, to put up with.

This arises partly from the misfortune of the Holy See. The Roman Catholic Church has, as is well known, certain theories concerning the conduct of human life which it trumpets forth by the mouth of its ministers in every quarter of the world. Nothing is to be done, or thought, or read, or listened to, which is at variance with one line of one article of Catholic truth. It is the duty of Governments so to frame their laws as to prevent or punish the natural tendencies of perverse human nature to swerve aside from the line chalked out by Holy Church. But, though the Roman Catholic Church has this theory, it does not expect it to be carried out. It proclaims its ideal system, but, practically, it counts upon a large amount of resistance. It knows that no State will really employ its secular authority in conformity with the duties pressed upon it by Pope and Prelate. Its triumphs consist only in greater or less approximations to its ideal system; and it is quite content to witness whole provinces of thought and action into which its influence cannot penetrate. Only in one small country is this comparative moderation overpassed. In the secular dominions of the Holy See, the Sovereign is obliged to practise

what, in another capacity, he is perpetually preaching. Decency and consistency compel the POPE, wherever he is a temporal Monarch, to govern in a way which, if universally followed, would, as he and his advisers are perfectly well aware, either consign the world to idiocy or goad it to raving madness. The truth, as respects the Papacy, that the half is vastly more than the whole, is well illustrated by the Mortara case. The Church holds, as a matter of speculative belief, that Jew, Turk, or Infidel, baptized by a Catholic, becomes a Catholic; and then comes the immediate consequence, that secular governors are bound to provide against the relapse into error of the lamb which has been added to the flock. But there are few fools in Rome so bigoted as to expect, and there are a good many prudent men too wise to wish, that the consequence should really follow. Unluckily for the POPE, the occurrence happened in his own States. This was the one place in Europe where the Sovereign would have dreamed of doing his theoretical duty; and hence PIUS IX. was driven to the step which still convulses half the Christian world with indignation, and the other half with sorrow and shame.

The best example of the disadvantage at which the POPE's subjects are placed relatively to the rest of Europe is furnished by their position in regard to education. The Church declares that Education ought distinctly to lead towards accepted truths, and scrupulously to refrain from every path which may by possibility conduct to one side or the other. It permits no compromises with doubtful subjects of thought or dangerous spheres of inquiry. In theological instruction, of course, the utmost strictness prevails; but there are other departments besides theology in which orthodox Roman Catholicism has its approved views. In metaphysics it is at most Cartesian; KANT, REID, and COUSIN are abominations to it. In morals, it holds with the Casuists, and denies the existence of ethics apart from theology. In classical studies, it places PRUDENTIUS on a level with VIRGIL, and prefers ST. AUGUSTINE to CICERO. In mathematics, it looks askance on the *Principia*. In logic, it adheres to the mediæval interpretations of ARISTOTLE, and always systematically cumbers the acquisition of knowledge with the snares and stumbling-blocks of scholastic argumentation. In jurisprudence, it confounds positive law with morality, and often supersedes both by a theological crotchet. In physics, it proscribes every line of investigation which promises to alter, however slightly, received inferences from the letter of Scripture—it still doubts geology as it once doubted astronomy. But, though it never deviates from these positions, it has not the least idea that they will be accepted by the secular world; indeed, it is exceedingly ready to let faithful servants transgress the forbidden limits under pretence of preparing themselves for the confutation of error. It knows that men will not be kept within so narrow a pale of orthodoxy, and is not ignorant that human progress would stop if Rome succeeded in taboos everything which it dislikes. It establishes Catholic Universities in Ireland because the Queen's Colleges were dangerously successful; but it does not hope to do more than divide dominion over the minds of Irishmen with the anathematized institutions. The one place where the POPE is forced to obtain all he aims at is his Italian realm. There, his subjects are actually kept in the intellectual childhood to which his theories would reduce everybody if everywhere applied. In Central Italy, if we except the barest and driest of the abstract sciences, a man learns nothing which he would not do best to unlearn. If he tries to grow wiser when he grows older, he must read in secret, and think without interchange of reflections. There is nothing like this in any other Christian country. There are great natural philosophers in Austria, and great jurists and moralists in Naples. But, so long as the POPE retains his temporal authority, the population subject to it must confine themselves to the intellectual level of the Middle Ages.

The peculiar situation of the POPE's subjects might be shown necessarily to involve them in a multitude of disabilities besides these. Assuming that they can no more have civil or religious liberty than millions of others, they are still solitary in the relation to their ruler which denies them justice, because the Canon Law takes precedence of all other codes—which exposes them to every kind of petty interference with private life, because the Church cannot afford to overlook the smallest offence against good morals—which refuses them a reasonable fiscal system, because the dues of the Church are sacred—and which forbids them to have a country because

the sphere of the Papacy is co-extensive with the Christian world. One nation alone, of all the European family, was ever brought under a system remotely resembling this. Spain underwent something like it, and the result was the nearest approach to national idiocy known in history. If the Pope's subjects are not yet at so low a point of decrepitude, it is exclusively through cherishing that ungrateful and rebellious spirit which just now afflicts the HOLY FATHER with so poignant a grief.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE Ministers very wisely keep their own counsel as to their Chinese policy, or perhaps they have not yet arrived at an agreement as to the merits of the question. If the matter is argued on grounds of international law, there is much to be said against the right of the English squadron to force its way up the Peiho. The ratification which was sought at Peking, although it was a principal object with Mr. BRUCE and with the English Government, is, according to jurists, only indispensable to the validity of a treaty when it is expressly promised in the body of the document. In the particular case, the Chinese plenipotentiaries had been forced to concede the admission to the capital, which was regarded by the English negotiators as the only essential element in the ratification. The form of an audience in the Imperial Palace was really of the substance of the treaty; but still there is an awkwardness in going to war to enforce the performance of a ceremony which is in ordinary cases immaterial. The question is further complicated by the date of the unfortunate collision; for Mr. BRUCE waited till the day on which the ratifications ought to have been exchanged before he appealed to the Admiral to force a passage, and consequently it may be suggested that the treaty was formally at an end, although the Plenipotentiary, instead of repudiating it, undertook to carry out its provisions by force. But if the recent meetings of the Cabinet have been occupied with these legal hair-splittings, it may be easily supposed that they have separated with as little profit as if they had been engaged in the old inquiry whether EPIMENIDES the Cretan was a liar.

The attack on the Peiho forts can only be legalized by some afterthought or device of special pleading, and yet it is possible that it may have been morally and politically justifiable. All law, whether municipal or international, implies a recognition of the same general maxims and an appeal to a common forum. The Chinese seek security against foreign remonstrance and intrusion by throwing formal and material obstacles in the way of diplomatists who demand satisfaction or redress; and it is absurd for their advocates to deny the necessity of extraordinary methods for the purpose of communicating with a nation which affects to be obstinately deaf. Not every strong measure or exceptional course of action is excusable even in dealings with the Chinese; yet there is not, as in European transactions, an overwhelming presumption against an apparent irregularity such as that which may be imputed to Mr. BRUCE and Admiral HOPE. It is a remarkable circumstance that almost all persons who possess a special knowledge of China assume, without hesitation, that England and France are in the right, and their opinion is not to be lightly disregarded because it is possible that it may not be altogether reconcilable with the theory of European public law. When jurymen know that the prisoner is in fact guilty, they are sometimes disposed to outrun the legal testimony of his crime. English consuls and merchants, and American officers, assert without the smallest hesitation that the Chinese Government had determined on a treacherous recommencement of hostilities before the English Admiral took the initiative of the attack; and there can at least be no doubt that the stipulations of the treaty would never have been carried out in the absence of force or menace. It is easy to point out objections to the course which Mr. BRUCE adopted; but his critics would be puzzled to lay down in working detail any alternative course of action.

It cannot be denied that the controversy is puzzling and unsatisfactory; nor is the national conscience materially enlightened by martial exhortations to vindicate the honour of the country, and to punish a perfidious enemy. The difficulty still remains whether there is a legitimate cause of war with China, and it may even be suggested that it is only by begging the question that the national honour can be used as an argument for hostile measures. There never was a military enterprise which excited less enthusiasm, although, if it is found necessary to proceed to extremities, the task

will undoubtedly be undertaken in earnest. The disputants on either side, as long as the matter is under discussion, ought to be perfectly calm and unimpassioned. The law of the case, if not clear, is eminently unexciting, and all parties must agree in wishing to carry out a wise policy in preference to making an empty display of avenging power. By this time, the Cabinet must have had before it every side of the question, although possibly its members may not have got beyond the discovery that much may be said both for the Chinese and against them.

Concurrence in action is fortunately more common than absolute coincidence of opinion; and in the present instance the immediate duty of the Government is much clearer than the casuistry of war and of peace. Whatever may be the merits of the actual quarrel, it is necessary to provide security for the future; and gun-boats, despatch steamers, and English regiments are almost as indispensable for efficient negotiation as for war. The French Government has good reason for its determination to send a considerable force to the scene of action, for the Chinese have sufficiently indicated their knowledge that the English alone had any available force on their coast after the conclusion of the treaty. It is now no secret that the French and Spanish expedition against Cochinchina or Anam had utterly failed of its object in the early part of the present year. The amount of force necessary for the undertaking had apparently been miscalculated, and there is no doubt that, if the French Government thinks it worth while to renew the war, the enterprise will be eventually attended with success. In the mean time, the Court of Peking was aware both of the discomfiture of the French force and of the Admiral's consequent inability even to furnish an escort to the Plenipotentiary who sought a reception in the capital. The French armament is intended to correct the errors of Chinese opinion, and possibly it may be eventually destined to retrieve the partial failure which has been incurred in Anam.

The union of the two great Powers of the West will probably accelerate, by force or by fear, the conclusion of some new arrangement with the slippery Government of China. The great inconvenience of acting with the allies of the Crimea and of Canton is probably for once unavoidable; and in the East, French diplomacy has of late been found neither troublesome nor disloyal. Yet the necessity of sharing the undertaking with a foreign force supplies a strong reason for making peace with China as soon as an accommodation can be honourably and prudently effected. It is not unlikely that the Government of Peking will disavow the collision at the mouth of the Peiho, although the successful commander is said to have been already rewarded with the highest honours of the Empire. If a plausible offer of satisfaction is accompanied by a final assent to the performance of the treaty, it will be prudent not to inquire too curiously into the previous conduct or intentions of the Chinese authorities. England desires peace and commerce, and not revenge, even if it were not almost impossible in that inorganic community to strike the actual offender. The larger the force collected, the more peaceable will be the feelings or the expressions of the enemy who is to be coerced into friendship. If, indeed, the success on the Peiho encourages the Court and nation to try another fall with England, the more scrupulous portion of the Cabinet will soon have the satisfaction of some legitimate and undisputed cause of war. The Chinese, for their part, are by no means troubled with delicate scruples; and some outrage either at Shanghai or Canton will soon supersede the vexed question of the attempted passage of the Peiho. The expedition cannot be prepared too rapidly; but it is quite unnecessary that the future system of Chinese intercourse should be framed with equal haste.

THE LATE LAMENTED MR. VERNON SMITH.

IT is recorded of the immortal Mr. PECKSNIFF that he disliked retirement. Twice was that majestic personage put to bed. Twice did he reappear upon the landing, the cool air blowing about his legs, charged with some moral sentiment and an irrepressible desire for the improvement of his species. It seemed as though he sought to calm the grief of those he left behind, and to assure them that he had not ceased to take an interest in his fellow-creatures. A striking parallel might last week have been discovered in the case of a convivially-minded nobleman at Northampton. Charity would incline us to conceal his name, but candour compels us to reveal it. Who should it be but our old friend Mr. VERNON SMITH under his new title of Lord LIVEDEN? It will be

remembered that this gentleman some time ago excited the gloomiest apprehensions among his friends. There was every reason to fear that the cause of his disorder was indeed chronic. At last they gathered round him. Lord PALMERSTON coaxed him up stairs. The *Saturday Review* watched over his withdrawal with tender emotion, yet not, let us hope, without a manly resignation. Everything was done to make him comfortable. Yet here he is again on the landing-place. "Do not repine, electors of 'Northampton,'" he cries. "Do not weep for your LYVEDEN." "Bed!" says this excellent nobleman, looking reproachfully at us over the banisters of the Upper House, "bed!" "You have sent me too soon, you must send me again. Let us be rational. Let us contemplate existence. Let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion." What is to be done to keep our terrible friend quiet? You may take an excitable commoner to the Lords, but you cannot make him stay there. He is out again, in the twinkling of an eye, and fluttering about the lobby.

These continual apparitions are trying in the extreme. Nobody, after taking leave of society, has any right to return. We buried Mr. SMITH, if we may use the expression, six months ago, with all the honours. We fired a parting volley over his grave. We cried, VERNON SMITH is dead—long live Lord LYVEDEN! Ever since that melancholy day the world has waggled but feebly. The transport-service flags for want of emulation. Geography has made little progress as a science. Cawnpore is not yet upon the Jumna. Steam still outruns sails. Only the pleasures of memory have been left us. *Quanto minus erat cum aliis versari quam Vernoni Smithii meminisse!* Yet we would not for worlds have had his rest disturbed; and, if a selfish sigh could have recalled him, that sigh would never have been breathed. Here he is again! We hail his resuscitation with very mingled feelings. Of course, everybody is glad to see him; but we thought he had gone for good.

Northampton, the scene of his many conflicts and successes, was the spot he selected for his re-appearance. One hundred and eighty electors, with their old member in the midst, dined together at the emblematic sign of the "Peacock." Amid the cheers of his late constituents, the noble veteran resumed his relinquished harness and re-entered public life. He came forward in the triple character of the philosopher who had reflected, the martyr who had suffered, and the statesman who had grown grey in the councils of his Sovereign. His exordium recalls to us the sage in *Rasselas*, and the immortal works of Dr. JOHNSON. Soon we recognise the militant Mr. VERNON SMITH. But the peroration is the peroration of the glorified Lord LYVEDEN. "Age," began the noble philosopher, "does not always accomplish the promises of youth, and the phantoms of hope which we pursue with eagerness to-day, often vanish before we can approach them to-morrow." It was indubitably true. Ambition is at best a disappointment. The 180 electors thought of the mirage in the desert, and were audibly affected. The Peacock sobbed aloud. "Such," continued the orator, "are the vicissitudes of the future, but who can deny us the glorious past? Who can deny that I have been the hero of ten contests, and ten times triumphant in 'Northampton?' The audience felt comforted. There is something, then, to be said after all for life. The Peacock reflected that feathers were certainly feathers, and that the universe, so far, was not a blank. Having thus dropped a tear of sentiment over the lot of humanity, and wiped it gently up, Lord LYVEDEN proceeded to the business of the evening—a review of the life and sayings of the late lamented Mr. VERNON SMITH. And here we confess we feel a little puzzled. Was he not the man whose silent sorrows won for him illustrious sympathy and touched a chord in the chambers of a palace? How comes he now to tell us that he was indifferent to all the calumny of the press? If so, he must at once give up his coronet, which he obtained under false pretences. It could be done delicately, under the signature of "Anonymous, but Awakened Conscience." How much might have been prevented had he made this announcement earlier! Certain tears might never have been shed. Sea-air would yet have been in time to save the constitution of Sir CHARLES PHIPPS, and the *Saturday Review* need not have been the victim of a heartless hoax. Yet, after all, perhaps, the noble Lord is joking; for though a peer, and according to his own account a stoical one, he has, it appears, a heart. In this he resembles the famous FIDUS CORNELIUS, who, like Lord LYVEDEN, was a philosopher and a calumniated man. For a long time nothing could be dis-

covered that disturbed his equanimity. At last, in the heat of debate, the ill-natured CORBULO called him a "plucked ostrich." It was too much. Stoicism is Stoicism; but it has its limits. FIDUS CORNELIUS burst into tears. Even so the imperturbable Lord LYVEDEN, unmoved at the time by all the invectives of his foes, two years afterwards gives way when he thinks on Lord DERBY and the "surrounding" of Delhi.

He divides his complaint against the late Premier into three heads, and answers each in turn. First, that nobleman wickedly accused him of having treated the Indian mutiny on its outbreak with too little gravity. To this he replies—"I did but take my tone from those of the East India Board whom I consulted." *Celum non animus mutant* is a motto that is as appropriate to the newfledged peer as to the expatriated traveller. VERNON *semper virot*. The excuse insensibly recalls the statesman who at a great crisis knew how to "fling the reins on the neck of the Directors." If he thought lightly of a national convulsion, it was because he had been told that the Directors did so too. Yet he is surely over sensitive. There were hundreds of sanguine politicians like himself on whom the Roman annalist bestowed no bitterer words than these:—*Cæsos exercitus: capta legionum hyberna: descivisse provincias, non ut mala loquebantur*.

The second grievance which weighs heavy on his soul is, that Lord DERBY taunted him with proposing to "surround" Delhi. Lord LYVEDEN still maintains that the expression was a fitting one. "Was it not true," he asks, "that troops were actually approaching that city from every side?" Truth here obliges us to observe that Lord LYVEDEN's memory has suffered during his retirement. He has been mixing draughts from Lethe with the nectar of Olympus. Had he used the word in such a sense, the statement would even then have been tolerably inaccurate. But that he used it very differently appears unfortunately from his own identical speech in question. We quote from HANSARD. "Luckily," said Mr. VERNON SMITH, "the outrage 'has taken place where it has, because it is notorious 'that Delhi may be easily surrounded, so that if we could 'not reduce it by force, we could by famine.' Famine!—Gracious heavens! There is a wild beauty about this speculation which says more for Mr. VERNON SMITH than all his administrative abilities. Things looked black enough; but the President of the Board of Control was not dismayed. He had read in history of the siege of Londonderry; he now fixed his eye upon the map of India; and he combined his information. What visions of rats' tails and preserved shoe-leather flitted before him! Horses' manes, he foresaw, would, sooner or later, be at a premium—they always are on such occasions. Even Sepoys could not live on Begums and little children for long together. Let us pause a moment and admire the prescience which, even in those days of peril, did not despair of the Republic!"

Finally, the late lamented Mr. VERNON SMITH complains that two years back Lord DERBY laid an indictment at his door which he never subsequently had the "manliness" to withdraw, though it was "over and over again" disproved. Once more, Lord LYVEDEN's facts are incorrect from first to last. He surely must have been dreaming. It must have been our friend the Peacock that said this—not our friend Mr. V. SMITH. The accusation to which he alludes was, it is true, disproved—a material witness, who was Lord DERBY's informant in the matter, being absent on the Continent. But the late Premier at once came forward, and from his place in Parliament offered an ample apology, and made a full retraction. So much for Lord LYVEDEN's historical narrative. So much for his elaborate and tripartite oration. Had the Peacock been delivering a clinical lecture on his own tail it could not have been more onesided than his Lordship's discourse on the subject of his past achievements.

The remainder of his remarks were devoted entirely to the politics of the day. We are not astonished to learn that the Minister who was never startled into serious apprehension by the late Indian earthquake looks with cheerful satisfaction on the political horizon of this country. It does not surprise us that a Whig who was no violent Liberal in office should be desirous, now that he is out of it, of seeing a sweeping measure of reform. Nor can we wonder that a gentleman who spends 4000*l.* on his first election, and only needs 300*l.* for his last, should have found his party languishing in his borough, and left it prosperous. We bid his Lordship farewell, deeply impressed with the belief in the political immortality of the soul. "Our man-ners," said the ghost of PELHAM, "do not quit us when we

"die." There is indisputable reason to believe that Mr. VERNON SMITH survives in Lord LYVEDEN. Like *Lycidas*, he is not dead, but has become a star under the name of *Smithium Sidus*, or else some watery deity, or the Spirit of Emulation, or the presiding genius of Geography, or the God of Famine. Let us hang our humble wreath upon his altar, and retire in respectful awe.

THE RETIREMENT OF BARON HÜBNER.

EUROPE, to its dismay, finds that it has another sick man within its borders; and if the new patient is not quite so ill as the old one, his illness affects his neighbours more closely. There can be no doubt that Austria is in such a state that no human sagacity can predict whether or not she will pull through the crisis. The position of her finances may be briefly described by saying that she barely averts bankruptcy by resorting to a combination of fraud and force. She has just confessed to Europe that she has swindled her creditors by concealing the amount of her debt, and her only conception of relief from her present embarrassment is to have recourse to a new forced loan. She is killing the goose to get at the golden eggs, and sacrifices the elements of commercial and agricultural prosperity in order to meet the daily wants of her administration. The great scheme invented by Prince SCHWARZENBERG and Baron BACH for welding together her heterogeneous provinces through a gigantic system of centralization, has ended in those provinces being almost openly opposed to her. Venetia has to be held at the sword's point; and the Tyrol, Hungary, and Croatia demand local independence with a pertinacity and assurance that show how little fear the EMPEROR and his Government now inspire. The remedy advised by friendly bystanders is reform. Austria ought to make her provinces independent—she ought to welcome civil and religious liberty—she ought to call in foreigners to develop her commerce and explore her resources. Unfortunately, this is like telling an invalid that the best thing he can do is to get up, take a walk, and eat a good dinner. Austria does not reform, simply because she has not men who can conceive and carry out projects of reform, and because those who administer her affairs have been brought up from their cradles to think what Englishmen mean by reform to be not only inexpedient, but positively wrong. It is hard for us here to realize to ourselves the utter absence of political life that prevails in Vienna. First, there is the EMPEROR, who, by a curious freak of popular favour, has obtained the epithet of the Chivalric, who was brought up in the strictest tenets of Ultramontaniam, and whose whole interest is centered in working the splendid, but delusive mechanism of the Austrian army. Then there is the aristocracy—of all the upper classes of Europe infinitely the most trifling, narrow-minded, and exclusive. The inhabitants of Vienna and of the German provinces have the childishness without the better qualities of Germans. There remains only the bureaucracy, the bulk of whom are timid, depressed, and half-starved, although the leaders and chiefs of administration are often men of real ability, and have large and correct views of the position and wants of the country. But they are isolated. They are at once despised and feared by the aristocracy. They are weighed down by the heavy burden of the Austrian traditions of Government. They have very inferior tools to work with when they come to try practical measures. In moments of extreme danger, therefore, they may be sent for and listened to, but they are unable to carry forward a gradual plan of extensive reform.

The career of Baron HÜBNER supplies a conspicuous instance. No one could have had greater disadvantages of birth and station to contend with, but his good fortune threw him in the way of Prince METTERNICH, who saw his worth and capacity. For more than a quarter of a century he has taken an active part in the conduct of the foreign affairs of Austria. He has resided diplomatically in places so different as Lisbon, Paris, and Leipsic, and is thus able to bring a great amount of varied experience to bear on the consideration of what ought to be done at home. At a moment when reform is necessary, such a man is sorely needed; and yet we learn this week that he has been forced to retire from political life. All accounts agree that the cause of his fall is that he takes an estimate of what must be conceded to Hungary which is not welcome to the EMPEROR and the EMPEROR's more immediate following. He has lately undertaken a semi-

official inspection of that country, and has made it his business to understand what the Hungarians want, and, still more, how much they want it. He has found that now Hungarians of all ranks, races, and creeds are unanimous in demanding the restitution of their old Constitution. For the first time since Hungary was under the rule of an Austrian prince, the nobles and the people, Magyars and Slaves, Catholics and Protestants, unite to demand the same thing. A man of wide experience and large views can easily see that a nation thus united is not to be trifled with. But the advisers of the EMPEROR think that very much less will do for Hungary than the Hungarians ask. They may be coaxed and bullied into accepting a rather soft stone for bread. The notions of reform which Baron HÜBNER suggested would really imply a total alteration in the Government of Austria. If Austria were to have Parliaments sitting, independent provinces, and religious liberty, she would no longer be the Austria which the great people of Austria love. The thing which they seek to preserve will perish by the means taken to preserve it. An idle aristocracy, and an EMPEROR intent only on reviewing his troops, will be out of keeping if Austria undergoes a great change. Those, therefore, who at present govern cling desperately to the determination to avoid a great change, and when Baron HÜBNER proposes a great change, Baron HÜBNER has to retire.

It is impossible not to be struck with the parallel which is presented between Austria now and France before the first Revolution. There were able men in France who saw clearly the necessity for reform. TURGOT, perhaps, for capacity and originality of political thought had no superior in Europe. But there were no tools with which to work out a reform. The BOURBONS and the aristocracy, if they had been told that the only way of averting revolution was that the upper classes should engage in the toils of carrying on political life, and sacrifice their own immediate interests in order to give wealth and content to the tillers of the soil, would have thought the remedy worse than the disease. If we were to trust this parallel, we might prophesy that Austria must break up as the old order of things in France broke up. But historical parallels never hold good, except in a very limited and feeble way. It is not by any means improbable that Austria will recover from her present most dangerous malady, for she has a fair chance of time being given her. She is surrounded by neighbours who are anxious that she should not be pressed too hard. That there should be a strong Power in South Germany to co-operate with her against France is a matter of life and death for Prussia; and Russia does not, we may be sure, desire to see any great and successful movement for political liberty on the frontiers of Poland. Austria, also, derives a certain degree of strength from the favour she finds in the eyes of the Catholic world; and a large portion of her inhabitants, even in the disaffected provinces, are proud of belonging to an Empire that is much the most dutiful and the most faithful child of the Church. That the changes which Baron HÜBNER judges necessary must come, we have no doubt, and it may very likely happen that, before long, he may be recalled to make them. But the vital question to Austria is, whether she will have time to reconcile and accustom herself to a new state of things—whether she will be able to call into existence and make effectual use of new principles and instruments of government? She cannot possibly do this unless she has leisure and repose given her; but she may do it if she is left undisturbed, and is not hurried. She will be extraordinarily lucky if she gets through the present crisis, but then her luck is proverbial.

THE INDIAN INCOME-TAX.

THE last news from India, though it does not give many more details about the new scheme of taxation, is to a certain extent reassuring. It confirms the statement that the minimum income which is to be subject to the tax is between 6*l.* and 7*l.* per annum; but the Act appears to contain a clause by which the labouring classes and ryots are exempted, in company with zemindars and fundholders. This provision obviates the danger, without entirely removing the hardship, of a tax from which poverty is to be no protection. The original sketch, though it has been enormously extended in its progress through the Council Chamber, still retains something of the character of a Licensing Act, which is the title under which it was originally introduced. The only classes subjected to the new impost are those who live by trades or professions, or are employed at fixed salaries. It is substantially Schedule D isolated from its companions

in misfortune. Indian malcontents will, at any rate, escape the temptation to concoct more or less visionary schemes for adjusting the pressure of taxation between labour and property; and if traders find it hard to suffer alone, they will be relieved from the mental torture of hopeless speculations on the relative liabilities of permanent and precarious incomes. The exemption of the land, whether in the case of a zemindar or in that of a poor ryot, may be explained with some plausibility by the theory that an increase of rent is the appropriate method of adding to the taxation of owners and occupiers, and that, if this course is forbidden either by humanity or positive contract, it would be scarcely fair to do indirectly what cannot be done in an open and straightforward manner. The state of the Indian money-market, and the extreme discredit of Government paper, may be an equally good reason for exempting the holders of public stock; but it is difficult to find any excuse for the immunity of those whose investments are made in property of a different kind. Practically, however, a tax which reached neither the land nor the funds must resolve itself almost entirely into an assessment upon the commercial classes; and there is this substantial defence for the measure, that the impost will fall upon those who have hitherto enjoyed a most unreasonable exemption from taxation.

The machinery by which the assessment is to be made does not sacrifice simplicity to any affectation of extreme fairness. Some half-dozen classes are constituted, and each trader is to be assigned to a higher or lower grade at the discretion of a Government official, subject to some kind of appeal to another official of greater dignity. The class determines the amount of taxation—all who are grouped together being required to pay the same annual contribution, notwithstanding any diversity which may exist between their actual earnings. This is a coarser expedient than our own plan of requiring every man to assess himself; but perhaps the inequality of the tax will not be much greater than it is here, while the tender mercies of Indian collectors may not prove more objectionable than the arbitrary decisions of Income-tax Commissioners at home. It is hinted, too, that the poorer victims will be leniently dealt with, and that the nominal income on which the assessment will be made will in general be much below the actual profits earned. By confining the tax to the trading and professional classes, and the recipients of salaries, the Government obtains a ready mode of enforcing payment. To trade without a license is made an offence subject to heavy pecuniary penalties, and however unpopular the impost may be, no one will venture to delay payment of the price at which the privilege of earning his daily bread is offered to him.

Upon the whole, the measure appears less objectionable than the outline which was first telegraphed to England. If it is not remarkable for fairness and equality, it is at any rate a most effective engine for raising funds; and there is some truth in Mr. HARRINGTON's plea that the difficulties of Indian finance must be manfully faced by extreme measures which only the present distress could justify. The indignation meeting which is reported to have been held at Calcutta to protest against the tax loses all its alarming character from an additional piece of intelligence which accompanies the report. The petition adopted not only denounces the tax, but prays for the establishment of representative government; so that no one who has been at the pains to search out the curiosities of Calcutta politics, will have any difficulty in divining the composition of the meeting. This chimera of representation is the favourite hobby of a small knot of English traders, who have been tempted by the splendid character of Indian profits to take themselves and their goods to the other side of the world. Why this adventurous and energetic pursuit of gain should entitle them to share in the absolute government of 150,000,000 of the QUEEN's subjects, has never been satisfactorily explained. Representation, in the English sense, means merely that the governed shall have a voice in the selection of their governors and in the control of their policy; but, in Calcutta, what is desired is actual participation in the powers which the officials of the Indian Service are sent out to exercise. If ever the time should come when the natives of India may be pronounced capable of self-government, English settlers will necessarily share in the boon; but in the mean time, private speculators who have gone to trade under an absolute Government can scarcely put forward any intelligible grounds for claiming a share in the administration of the country.

That the press in India should criticise the measures of Go-

vernment is almost the law of its existence, and the License Act comes in for its share of condemnation. But the real fault of the tax seems to have escaped all comment. The impolicy and hardship of direct taxation on the very poor does not offend the advocates of elective Councils; and their chief grievance appears to be that, when all trades and professions are taxed, no member of the community will escape his proportion of the burden. As one lively journalist puts it, the baker will not be able to sell bread, nor the undertaker coffins, without making an extra charge for the tax. Perhaps the political economy of India may pronounce the universality of a tax its greatest blemish, but it would be difficult to find a better justification for an apparently unequal impost than such an indirect distribution of the burden would furnish. We have long since learned in England that the customs and excise are paid by the consumer, and though untaxed imports would undoubtedly be desirable in themselves, it is certainly fairer that the revenue should be extracted from the whole mass of consumers than that it should be borne by a single class. Whether a license-tax will practically spread itself over an equally extended area, or whether the weight of the burden will fall, for a long time at least, on particular classes, is not very certain; but those who make the wide incidence of the burden a ground of complaint will, it may be hoped, improve their economical science under the approaching reign of Mr. WILSON.

It will be satisfactory to the INDIAN CHANCELLOR to learn that his advent is anticipated with eager expectation; and possibly the hope of being welcomed as a deliverer from the crude schemes of the local officials may stimulate his movements, and induce him to enter upon his responsible duties without further delay. The License Tax in its actual form still appears to have been the result of a sudden change of policy adopted at the last moment; and if no other benefit accrued from the installation of a financial Minister, it will be no small gain to substitute deliberate action for the alternations of heat and cold which seem to influence Lord CANNING's present advisers. Steady caution is at least as important in the present crisis as unexpected vigour; and unless some new force is brought to bear, there seems little hope of seeing consistent principles take the place of startling and alarming expedients. It would be somewhat unfair, considering the pressure which has been applied to the Indian Government, and the frightful gap between the proceeds of taxation and the expenditure of the State, to charge the local authorities with retrenching in the wrong direction; but without fuller information, the announcement that the public expenditure of the year is forty lacs below the first rough estimate cannot be accepted as an unmixed good. On the introduction of his new Bill, Mr. HARRINGTON entered into a long exposition of the state of the finances, from which it appears that military retrenchment has been postponed to await the commands of the Home Government and the decision of the military commission in India. Some saving has, it seems, been effected in the Civil Service, and, with questionable policy, the grants for educational purposes have been reduced. A more ominous circumstance is that nothing is said about the progress of reproductive works, and there is too much reason to fear that the bulk of the saving which is boasted of may have been due to the cessation of all profitable investments. One advantage to be anticipated from Mr. WILSON's mission will be the obtaining of more exact reports of what is really being done in the mysterious Chancellery of our Indian Empire; and for this, no less than for other reasons, the speedy inauguration of the new régime must be looked for with impatience by every one, both in England and in India—with the single exception, as it seems, of Mr. WILSON himself.

THE EFFECTS OF DESPOTISM.

THE corps of French journalists who see in the gloomy misgivings of Englishmen nothing but a craze, and who would deny that the Imperial system plunges Europe into uncertainty and alarm, need not cross their own frontiers to discover a proof of the universal disquietude at which they sneer. London is not more disturbed by feelings of doubt and apprehension than Paris. Faith in the mild and pacific influence of the NAPOLEON dynasty is not more rife in their own provinces than it is on this side of the Channel. The fluctuations which from time to time sway the English Funds are justified, and not unfrequently caused, by the intermittent fits of depression that agitate the Paris Bourse. While the

returns of the Board of Trade for the last year indicate that commerce amongst ourselves has not been materially affected by the vicissitudes of the Continent, commerce at this moment in the French capital and in the French departments may be said almost to stagnate. Even speculation, for which our neighbours have naturally so great a genius, languishes. Enterprise is very nearly at an end. Buyers will not buy, for they do not anticipate any approaching rise in the market. The negotiations which have been brought to a successful termination at Zurich may have assured peace, but have failed to revive confidence. The manufacturers both of the north and of the south complain that business never was so dull. In many places, we are told, the masters are working short time. In some they are reducing their establishments and discharging their superfluous hands. Unless some change for the better takes place, the most unenviable results may be anticipated. Such are the effects of a policy which professes to uphold national dignity abroad, and to maintain public tranquillity at home. No more complete answer need be given to those sycophants whose duty is to sound the praises of their Imperial master, than the present condition of France as far as all commercial life and energy is concerned.

It is not necessary for our purpose to point out again what we have so often shown—that this anxiety is not a temporary panic, but a permanent and rational feeling, induced by observation of what is going on from day to day. It is sufficient to remark that the anxiety, whatever be its nature, is all-prevailing. Each traveller who passes through France brings back with him the same story, and relates how men's minds are heaving and shaking with the anticipation of some coming movement, whether it be destined to assume the shape of conflict or catastrophe. Those Continental writers who are fortunate enough to be able to think and speak freely tell a similar tale. Everywhere abroad the air seems charged with electricity, or full of that oppressive languor which ushers in the morning of a storm. Were it even possible that this pervading incertitude and gloom might be a kind of hallucination founded on misapprehensions as baseless as they were inexplicable, the danger would not be greatly lessened. Impressions like these belong to a class of presentiments that have a tendency to fulfil themselves. They exercise an important and baneful influence on the state of international relations. They complicate existing difficulties, and create new ones. War itself ceases to be so terrible an evil when it seems to be the only escape from continual rumours of war. It is, in fact, one step nearer peace than a condition of eternal perplexity and fear which nothing can remove. If no means can be devised for allaying the present excitement, a rupture of the peace of Europe must become inevitable.

The chief cause of all these terrible phenomena lies in the method by which France is governed. The policy of the Executive is there dictated by the will of an individual whose character none can fathom, whose intentions few can read, and from whose sentence there is no appeal. For the line which he chooses to adopt he is responsible neither to public opinion, nor to the judgment of the commercial classes. He may make war, and there is none to gainsay him. He may conclude a peace, and there is none to guarantee its duration. The voice of the nation is powerless to decide questions of paramount gravity and interest. When so much depends upon a single arm, attention must necessarily be riveted upon its every movement. A restless fascination holds all eyes in thrall. Men cannot breathe for very expectation. The sole court to which the monarch is amenable, and whose suffrages he is bound to secure, is the soldiery. Naturally disposed to side with any system that promotes excitement and gives occupation to themselves, they are little interested in enforcing one settled course of action upon the Government of the day. The very political disquietude which ruins trade feeds their craving for novelty, and stimulates their hopes of employment.

But the despotism of NAPOLEON III. has even graver sins to answer for than these. It paralyses, as we have seen, commercial activity, and fosters the desires of the lawless. It does more. It corrupts the orderly, and communicates the feverish contagion to every rank and to every class. Political fever may be considered to be the undue concentration of a nation's enthusiasm upon one point. The dominant *régime*, of which the EMPEROR is the impersonation, closes all the channels in which popular energies might run—except one only, and that the most undesirable. It keeps hermetically sealed each valve through which

the best French blood might otherwise be circulating. It saps the vital energy of each profession. It shuts the spiracles by means of which the country fain would breathe. What outlet has been left in France for literary vigour, for political activity, or the free and healthy workings of ambition? There is none. Liberty is exiled, individual growth is stunted. Now that commerce and speculation have slackened, there is but a single opening by which the life of this great people may find vent. Public interest fastens with fearful avidity on the prospect of foreign commotion. Debarred from all occupation at home, a fiery and impressible nation longs to develop its repressed energy abroad. Thus the French Imperial system is an eternal menace to the repose of Europe. It were indeed a marvel if it were anything else.

Those Englishmen who earnestly desire to remain upon amicable terms with their French brethren (as, indeed, what Englishman does not?), will, above all things, pray that NAPOLEON III. may in his wisdom see fit to make France free. An *entente cordiale* between the two Governments rests on but a precarious tenure so long as the Imperial policy is one against which there is no appeal to general opinion. When great prizes are no longer given in France to peaceful enterprise—when no career is free—when excitement runs high, and the ordinary means of satisfying it are gone—let us be well assured that Peace is in danger. At this moment the EMPEROR is hurrying his country in the direction either of internal commotion or foreign war. Who can look at the fever-point to which French military expectation has been fed, and not be anxious for the issue? One way of calming the troubled waters still remains—and perhaps only one. Let LOUIS NAPOLEON restore to his restless subjects liberty of discussion and of the press, and he will have taken at least a step towards reassuring Europe. A liberal movement emanating from the Tuileries will do more to reanimate commerce and the Funds than a hundred Imperial promises of peace, to-day renewed and to-morrow broken.

Under these grave circumstances what should be England's course? To say that it must be just, liberal, and generous is not enough. For so much the country itself will be answerable; any policy will be short-lived that does not profess to be, more or less, all three. A great deal necessarily depends upon the Ministry in power. And, first, let us fervently hope that all their relations with the Continent may be as transparent and as clear as daylight itself. We trust that we may be committed to none of those deep-laid designs, or complicated intrigues, or ingenious artifices, which diplomacy loves. Let the whole world see that we wish to act in all things with simplicity and openness—that we have no ulterior object to pursue. Finesse is not a weapon which English diplomatists wield at all successfully. There is nothing on earth which would so surely precipitate a quarrel as the least attempt on England's part to manoeuvre clumsily. The more conscious she is of the rectitude of her intentions, the more incumbent it is on her to let them be plainly read. Secondly, if the Government are wise, they will be bold. Hesitation, vacillation, irresolution, attract the stroke which, though impending and imminent, has not yet fallen. Once let us flinch, and the threatened blow descends that might have been averted otherwise. A really great Minister might save us, and might save Europe, by a consistent display of sincerity and manliness combined. Above all, be the future what it may, let it not find us unprepared.

THE RESULTS OF THE STRIKE.

THE real horrors of war are revealed, not in the midst of conflict and carnage, but on the day after the battle. The excitement of the struggle makes men blind to the destruction around them, and it is only when the field sleeps in silence that victors or vanquished begin to recognise the deadly cost of their idle game. On a smaller scale, we may trace a parallel to this in the social war which has been waged with so much sturdy self-denial by men who have made themselves the slaves of Strike Committees. Few, perhaps, of the workmen who struck at the bidding of their reckless leaders fairly counted the cost of the contest they had provoked. Vain hopes of triumph in an unjust cause, and some pride in the sacrifices which they made, as they thought, for the good of their order, may have sustained the spirits of the thousands of stout workmen who consented to forego their earnings and live as best they might on the miserable dole which their chiefs were able to collect. But

they must know well by this time that the battle is lost. Week after week thousands of strangers have come in to take the places of the men on strike, and the last returns from the Masters' Committee show that the "declaration" has been accepted by almost as many mechanics as will be needed during the winter season. Even the excitement of reading in the papers the reports of speeches and the promises of help, which were at first duly recorded from day to day, is at an end. The world goes on in its heartless way, thinking little of the self-inflicted misery of bricklayers and carpenters, while those who are still holding out have no prospect before them during the hard winter months but starvation and despair. Just once a week a hint is given to the outside world of the fate which the so-called workmen's friends have brought upon their fellows. The history of the strike is beginning to be read in the returns of mortality. As yet the deaths among the men themselves have not been excessive; but the wives and children of carpenters, and plasterers, and painters, and bricklayers are rapidly falling victims to the starvation to which the madness of a few wrong-headed men has doomed them. It is strange that the mere obstinacy, pride, or *esprit du corps* of a strong skilful workman should be sufficient to induce him to persist in voluntary idleness while he sees cold and hunger bringing his family step by step to the grave. If the contest is prolonged, the sufferings which are only beginning to make themselves evident by their fatal results will grow at a fearful rate, and a heavy responsibility will rest on the agitators who insist on continuing their cruel and hopeless resistance. The end must be clear now even to such men as are found on the Union Committees. One after another their followers will yield. Men will not look on for ever at the starvation of their own flesh and blood, to gratify the obstinacy even of their chosen leaders. Human instincts must triumph at last over the influence of demagogues, but it is sad that the inevitable capitulation should be delayed until innocent victims have been sacrificed by hundreds to the crotchets of a knot of opinionated socialists.

If the cause of the men were the noblest in which they could have engaged, it would not justify them in prolonging a warfare so fatal and so hopeless as their crusade against capital has now become. Even on their own view of the quarrel, they have done enough to save their honour, now that their resistance has been prolonged until success has become impossible. After the experience of the last two months, it ought not to cost the most devoted unionist a very severe pang to repudiate the leaders who have so signally failed to redeem their pledges of victory. By speaking one word now, each workman may yet stay the evils which are hanging over his household; and if men can be found wicked enough to counsel more protracted endurance, we can scarcely believe that even a remnant of their followers will be mad enough to submit to their dictation. The man DANIEL LOCKE, who destroyed himself last week, was perhaps not suffering more than thousands who are still fighting with despair. The paper which he left tells of a whole world of misery besides his own. "The strike—the ruinous strike! God protect my unfortunate family." How many of his fellows must have echoed this dismal lamentation, and how few perhaps will even yet learn wisdom from the sharp teaching which they have undergone!

If reasoning or facts could influence men who are ready to fight to the death for the crude ideas of their socialist guides, the sound sense of Mr. BLACK's warning to the Edinburgh workmen ought to dissipate some of the fallacies which have led the operatives in London to ruin. It must be uphill work to eradicate the delusions which have taken so firm a hold of the whole order of working men; but the more honour is due to those who have commenced the attempt to convert the mechanics themselves to sounder views of the relations between capital and labour. The narrative which Mr. BLACK gave of the ruinous strikes in 1837 may help to satisfy the victims of the same folly in 1859 that their own failure is no accidental mishap, but the natural consequence of the policy which strives to muster employers and employed in two hostile camps, and is always ready, at the slightest provocation, to give the signal for war. Artisans who can think (and there are many of them) will not fail to work their way to a sound conclusion, when once they have the courage to question the false political economy which is part of the religion of the great mass of the labouring classes. They may dread at first to trust themselves to the chances of a market on which they can bring no other force to bear than their individual determination. They have precedents

in abundance for the narrow faith to which they cling. Better men than they held not long since in England the creed that the natural laws of supply and demand could not be trusted to regulate the traffic of nations and the cost of produce. It is precisely the same error which persuades the workmen that their fair remuneration will be best secured by the artificial rules of Trade Societies. The first fair trial of free trade demolished the fallacies which no argument could beat out of the brains of an organized party. There is nothing surprising in the same stolidity when exhibited by societies of working men. It may be that the issue of the present contest will force them to try on a large scale the experiment of free trade in their own labour; and the results, when contrasted with the fruits of strikes, may be relied on to work the same conviction in their minds which Free-trade legislation forced upon the reluctant apprehension of Protectionist squires. No victory which the masters can gain by trampling down the Trade Societies will effect any permanent good until the socialist poison is extracted from the theories of the men themselves. Experience and argument must go hand in hand to achieve this end; and the best friends of the labourer are those who, like Mr. BLACK, strive to open his eyes to the facts which surround him, and to show him how to interpret them by a truer light than is supplied by the crude socialism which passes for political science in the coteries of workmen's associations. The economical laws which, in spite of all attempts to control them, must ultimately determine the workman's wages and the conditions of his labour, are so simple that they cannot fail at last to commend themselves to the most resolute worshippers of a code compounded out of Socialist and Protectionist blunders. Nothing is more certain than that free individual action on both sides will secure to the workman all the privileges to which he is entitled. Probably the men are more than half-disposed to admit a theory which has proved itself in other departments of commerce, but they are haunted by an idle fear that, if their own combinations were broken up, the union of capitalists would establish a monopoly against which the isolated workman would find it impossible to contend. All experience has shown how visionary such an apprehension is. Even under the pressure of strikes, the employers of labour have seldom been able to sink their rivalries and join in self-defence; and if once the pernicious interference of Trades' Unions were to cease, the inevitable competition of capitalists would afford to the men a measure of security which no efforts of their own can suffice to win.

RECREATION.

LORD SHAFTESBURY gave a striking illustration of the very different notions of what is amusement entertained by different people, when he told us last week that there were persons who objected to the meetings of Young Christians, on the ground that they were too gay. The objectors thought that these meetings drew away the Young Christians from teaching in Ragged Schools, night visiting, and other proper duties and pleasures of the same kind. We cannot but admire the fervour of zeal which calls on us never to weary or halt in the task of doing good. But evidently, if amusement is to consist in teaching Ragged Schools, there is no such thing as amusement at all. There are exceptional persons who really never require any recreation except sleep, and if such persons are devoted enough to bestow their elasticity of body and mind on the service of the poor night and day, they may be great benefactors to their fellow men. But the mass of men require, and insist on having, recreation, and they will not be satisfied with hearing that there are a few marvellous and excellent persons who can do without recreation altogether. Every one has his own notion of amusement, and claims to please himself so that he does not annoy others, or invade the hours of work by protracting the hours of leisure, or yield to gross temptations. But when people speak to others of recreation, they always set up for their auditors a very different standard of amusement from that which they think good enough for themselves. Mr. Cowper, for instance, addressed the Young Christians on the same occasion as Lord Shaftesbury, and explained to them that some persons consumed their hours of leisure in mere pastime, whereas others, who were wiser—and whom he entreated the Young Christians to resemble—employed these hours in acquiring useful knowledge of a varied and difficult kind, and studied the History of England, or learnt French without a master, or examined the mechanism of steam-engines and hydraulic presses. This was what Mr. Cowper considered the proper occupation of the time of rest after work. The recreation of the mechanic or apprentice ought to consist in getting up a hard book.

No one, except the most credulous Young Christian that ever breathed, can suppose that Mr. Cowper, or any one of Mr. Cowper's friends, really retires, when fagged and bored with the labours of

a day, and sits quietly and solitarily down to the examination of the working of a pump. The rich and the educated have much humbler notions of what is the sort of recreation they personally want. We do not speak of the idle, but of the industrious. A country gentleman who works hard during the day in looking after his estate and tenants, in the discharge of his duties as a magistrate, and in attending local meetings, or a merchant or professional man occupied till sunset in the labours of their calling, want recreation at the end of the day; and even if, at a subsequent period of the evening or night, they resume work of some sort, yet their hours of recreation are quite distinct from their hours of work. The greatest constituent element of their recreation is not to work. They want exactly that pastime—that permitting time to flow without calling on the brain or the hands to be busy—which Mr. Cowper hopes his Young Christians will so carefully avoid. There are few kinds of recreation more delightful or more beneficial to a hard-worked man than that of sitting very quietly in an armchair and looking at the embers in the grate. The second great constituent element in the rich man's recreation is some sort of sensual pleasure—a good clean, wholesome dinner, good wine, a good cigar. The third element is social, familiar, lively intercourse with relatives and friends. Cessation of work, good cheer, and gossip—these are what the rich man means by recreation. The poor man has exactly the same tastes. He likes the public-house, where he sits at his ease after the long standing or walking of the day—he likes his beer and tobacco—he likes his chat with his neighbours. The public-house is to the poor man very much what an interchange of dinners among people of the same set is to the rich man. The pleasure to both lies in a mixture of sensual gratification with sociable chat. The only difference between them is that the poor man gets bad beer instead of good wine; but as he likes the beer, the difference is not so great as it seems. As for the conversation, there is even less difference. In all ranks of life there is a large admixture of persons who are stupid, malicious, and frivolous; and the gossip of the rich, if it is more decorous, is often less racy and genial than that of the poor.

It is quite true that there are many poor men, and many half-educated men, who have really intellectual tastes, who feel conscious of unusual abilities, who aspire to improve their condition, and who find a positive recreation in hard mental work. There are village Hampdens and mute Miltons in every district of England. It is a most excellent thing to give such persons a chance—to provide them with the books they need, to offer them the use of quiet rooms and scientific apparatus, to lecture to them on the subjects in which they are most interested. There is no point in which the poor who are capable of reflection feel so keenly the pressure of the necessary inequalities of society as in the barrier thus interposed between them and their mental growth. They cannot avoid thinking it hard that the treasures of instruction should be lavished on hundreds of rich men who neglect them, while the poor man sees his life waste away without the time ever coming when he can begin to learn. Those are real friends of the poor who strive to lessen this burden, and to give the poor man a chance of learning what he thirsts to know. But the poor who thirst for knowledge are, we may be sure, very few. The mass of mankind cannot hope to leave the station in which they are born, and do not think of doing so. It is because a studious workman is an exception that he gets on. If all workmen were studious and clever, there would be no advantage to one more than to another. It is a mere imposition to tell poor men that, if they leave the public-house and work at mechanics, they will improve their condition. Those who do leave the public-house and are capable of understanding the mechanics will possibly rise above their fellows, precisely because their fellows do not leave the public-house, and could not understand the mechanics. All such devices, therefore, as mechanics' institutes, lecture-rooms, or book-clubs, are not instruments for providing proper recreation for the poor generally, but are aids to the exceptional poor to gratify those intellectual tastes which distinguish them from the vast mass of their order. We cannot too strongly express our sense of the right and generous feeling which prompts the rich to give the required aid to these exceptional poor; but we think it as absurd to expect that the mass of the poor will quit the public-house for the reading or lecture-room as to expect that the mass of the merchants of Liverpool and Manchester will give up their solid and substantial dinners in order to attend at literary tea-parties.

Is the waste and excess of public-house drinking, then, to go on for ever, and drunkenness never to cease supplying new recruits to the ranks of our criminals? We may ask, exactly in the same way, whether society at large is never to be elevated, and whether there will never be more variety, lightness, and economy in English recreation than at present? There is some progress made. Fewer people get very drunk among the upper classes than formerly. Art, and especially music, are more widely cultivated. The tastes and habits of well-to-do Englishmen are gradually a little improved. In the same way we believe that the extent of drunkenness will in the course of time diminish in England, but this will not take place through a general move from the public-house to the lecture-room. The object of our efforts and wishes should be not to keep the poor man from a place where he finds beer, warmth, and society, but to keep him from getting drunk and deserting his family. There are some agencies at work tending to make the poor

more temperate, and we may freely acknowledge that the provision made for the intellectual wants of the exceptionally clever and aspiring poor tells indirectly on the mass. It is a great thing for a stupid poor man to know and see that the one for whom among his companions he has most respect loathes and dreads drunkenness. So all institutions and devices that minister to the tastes of other classes of exceptional poor do good beyond the sphere of those for whom they are primarily intended. There will always, for instance, be some among the poor who will have a special fondness for gymnastic exercises and feats of bodily skill, and the more these are undergone in company with gentlemen the less inclined is the poor man who is fond of them to drink. The meetings of different sects and bodies, again, who unite for religious objects, not only elevate those who attend them, but diffuse through the mass of the poor the notion that man was not made for beer alone. All these things tell very slowly on the mass, but we may be sure that they do tell, and that if they were not constantly present their absence would be immediately felt.

There are other things, also, which do something to help the poor towards moderation, although they operate indirectly. The penny post, for example, makes it possible for members of the same family to communicate with each other, and the time spent in letter-writing is saved from the public-house. The cheap press, also, we should imagine, contributes towards making the evening of a poor man at home less dull than it used to be. But the greatest of all instruments for indirectly persuading the poor to sobriety is that of railway excursions. The railway, for the first time, has given an enjoyment to the poor man which he shares with his family. Their wives are there, and there is a sort of respect and fear entertained for the railway officials which makes travellers behave well and remain sober. Railway excursionists are noisy, vulgar, and disagreeable to come across, but they are seldom drunk. In the course of time, an opinion will spread, first among those of one grade and then among those of the grade next below, that some kind of moderation is not only possible but desirable. It will be a happy day for England when the poor man thinks that drunkenness degrades him, but we cannot think that the advent of that day is hastened by the rich man setting up for the benefit of the poor man a dreamy ideal of virtuous recreation.

ROMAN CATHOLIC POLITICS.—BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

IT has been our unpleasant function, week after week, for some time past, to chronicle the political *bêtises*—each one more outrageous than the other—in which prelates and ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church have been indulging. We do not imagine that, because we have had to speak out fearlessly upon this topic, we shall be suspected of having hoisted the No-Popery banner of Spooner and Newdegate. We may personally have our reasons—and we may venture to think them very good and sufficient ones—why, on the field of theology, we should do battle to all or any Romanist who would dare attempt to convert us to his faith. But, in politics, our maxim is, if possible, Live and let live. While we have too many instances on all sides of the fatal proclivity with which Romanism rushes into Ultramontanism, and Ultramontanism leads down the fatal steep of lawless despotism, we should be sorry to predicate that every member, or every body of members, of the Church of Grosteste and Fortescue, of More and Savonarola, of Pascal, Bossuet, and Montalembert, must be an approver of Ultramontane tyranny. It is only a degree of ignorant bigotry, equal to that displayed by the *Uniers* itself when discussing religious matters in England, which can assume that such a characteristic is inseparable from that communion under whose shelter were fostered throughout Europe those mediæval free institutions of which the British Constitution is almost the sole survivor. It is, therefore, we hope, no treason to the Reformation to welcome with sincerity any rays of a better spirit which struggle here and there through the thickening mists of Papal intolerance. We owe it alike to our own position and to those whom we feel bound to criticise, to show that where praise can be given, that praise is not withheld from fear of our being ourselves misunderstood.

With these feelings, we must call attention to an article which appeared in the last number of the Roman Catholic magazine, the *Rambler*, entitled "The Theory of Party." That journal, after having been for several years the organ of a manly, English-minded, moderate school of Romanism, passed, not long since, into fresh editorial hands. Indeed, it was made no secret that it was hereafter to be conducted by that divine who, by common consent, is the most distinguished convert whom the Pope has won from the fold of Anglicanism. Those who remembered to what theological extremes that daring and ingenious logician had pushed his exposition of the dogmas of his new faith might not unnaturally apprehend that a similar fervour of sacerdotalism would characterize the political creed of his organ. We are glad to see that the tone of the article in question entirely removes such an apprehension. With the abstract portions of the article we shall not meddle. They are concerned with the proof of the well-known truth that, however theoretically indefensible government by party may be, it is still an indispensable element in a constitutional régime. The interest begins when the writer applies this axiom to the actual position of Roman Catholics in the

British Empire, and particularly in Parliament. As might be supposed, the subject under discussion is the morality and expediency of that so-called "Catholic party" which, in the eyes of its enthusiastic or interested promoters, was to steer between and amongst all other political sections, cajole and sell them all by turns, and pick up its own booty out of the jetsam and flotsam of a national shipwreck. The writer starts with the proposition that, in "spite of all drawbacks," our Parliamentary system has proved itself the "instrument of the most perfect political freedom which the world has yet seen"—ergo, the "destruction of all the traditions of Parliamentary government" is not among the "honest means of advancing one's own sentiments and opinions." Members are not sent to Parliament to make Parliament useless. Again, the "ostentatious establishment of a self-styled Catholic independent Opposition" would only tend to enlist the whole sympathy of Englishmen against the followers of the Roman faith. "Happily for our peculiar position as English Catholics, the distinction between Catholics and Protestants has fallen out of the political into the social order, and has become a social, not a political difference. The establishment of a Catholic political party looks like an attempt to reverse the course of events. It is a precarious experiment for Catholic members of Parliament to exhibit themselves professionally as mere Catholics, instead of English or Irish statesmen and gentlemen." Religious questions ought to be kept out of Parliament as much as possible. With regard to the "religious rights of Catholics in workhouses and prisons, a small alteration of the law is all that Parliament can effect for us;" and that alteration, if made in a manner to "arouse the religious frenzies of Protestants," would, in the opinion of the author, till the public mind is tranquillized, do more harm than good. For, in spite of the stolid opposition of Guardians and other local authorities, the *Rambler* considers that "in the existing state of things, a priest with tact may generally do almost what he likes; with the most favourable alterations of the law, a priest without tact would still find endless difficulties and hindrances in his way." Religion ought accordingly to be separated from politics; "but chiefly is the social persecution, which is almost the only persecution we have to complain of in England (political injury in some things is still done us, as in charitable bequests), to be overcome by the apostolic war which every Christian is bound to wage against the mass of irreligion around him. This is the surest way of disarming prejudice."

The writer next proceeds to notice the reckless language of many of his co-religionists, such as those who "hope some day to 'hear mass in St. Paul's under the protection of French bayonets,'" or to "see the 'humiliation of England;'" and, as might be supposed, he visits such sentiments with the gravest reprobation, reminding his readers that the same principles of morality bind a member of Parliament "as a trustee for the nation, as would bind him as a trustee for his friend's children." We have not space to quote some very pertinent remarks on the "law of 'independent opposition,' as propounded by Lucas, and now adopted by Bright." But we cannot let the opportunity pass without recalling to the mind of our readers that the two eminent agitators thus brought into proximity were brothers-in-law, and that the late Mr. Lucas carried himself, opinions and all, into the bosom of the Roman Church, straight out of the Society of Friends. The natural history of Mr. Bright, as reflected in his brothers-in-law, has therefore probably a chapter antecedent to that which the firm of "Leatham Brothers" has published.

In conclusion the writer observes that there is no "Catholic element" in the questions of the day on which his co-religionists can base a party, unless they "wish also to provoke the resuscitation of the old fanatical Protestant parties." And for the improvement of their social position, Roman Catholics must look to a change in society. Sentiments and opinions may be gradually influenced from above; they cannot be compelled to change by Act of Parliament. It is our part to persuade, not to compel, least of all to overreach, which is the most irritating mode of compulsion. A Government must be composed out of the existing elements of society; and the distribution of power in the constitution cannot be permanently different from the distribution of power in society. Finally, "the Catholic politician" is reminded that "*politician* is the substantive, *Catholic* the adjective;" and that it is "only after he is a useful member absolutely, that he can expect to be a useful Catholic member."

Whether or not the *Rambler* speaks the sentiments of a large numerical section of the British Roman Catholics we cannot say. It stands confessed that it represents the highest intellect existing among the clergy of their Church. Such a protest accordingly, proceeding from such a quarter, is not without its significance. It will be seen that the article from which we have quoted only deals with the Parliamentary status of members of the Roman Church in these realms, and hardly touches upon that question in its Irish aspect. Nevertheless the spirit which it breathes is one which is capable of application, not only to the actual proceedings of the Irish prelates in council assembled, but to the more weighty conclave of the Vatican. How far the modern theory of the Papacy is really consistent with a general recognition of constitutionalism may be a question for those outside its pale; but we cannot call upon men who are honestly believers in the Roman faith to take up such considerations. For our own part, much as we should regret—for reasons of a nature which renders them unfit to be handled in a weekly journal—that the Roman Church regained its supremacy in England, we cannot as fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians but wish well to any movement among the

Roman Catholics of this kingdom which shows an honest disposition on their parts to do their duty by us and by themselves as members of the same commonwealth. Any successes which they may win in consequence of such conduct on their part will be worthily gained, and may be confidently worn, while the trophies carried off at the bayonet's point, as the price of subservience to despotism, will but more surely precipitate a fatal catastrophe to the communion which rests its power upon the broken reed of Egyptian tyranny.

ADOLPHE SCHLAGINTWEIT.

SOME months ago a collection of papers respecting the last journey of Adolphe Schlagintweit in Central Asia was printed and privately circulated. We have not been able to learn that any further information has since been obtained, than the incomplete and contradictory reports which, from every available quarter, had been collected by the pious care of his surviving brothers and fellow-travellers, Hermann and Robert Schlagintweit. It is well known that the three brothers went out to India five years ago, to conduct the magnetic survey of British India and the great mountain regions that bound our territory to the northward, and that the scope of their investigations was subsequently enlarged so as to include the physics, ethnology, and some branches of the natural history of the less known districts into which they were able to penetrate. The two survivors returned to England in 1857, after having succeeded in traversing a great tract of Central Asia not touched before by the foot of an European traveller; and about the same time, Adolphe started on the expedition which was destined to be his last. His aim seems to have been Kashgar, the great western city of Chinese Tartary, not known to have been visited, until his brothers reached it the year before, since the time of Marco Polo; but he followed a more westerly route than that which they had taken across the great plateau of the Karakorum and Kuenlun, through a country of which, unless his journals be hereafter recovered, we are not likely for a long time to come to obtain trustworthy information.

The particulars collected chiefly through the exertions of Captain Henry Strachey, himself one of the most successful explorers of the Western Himalayas and Tibet, and of Colonel Edwardes of Peshawar—and furnished by natives who had either been in the service of the Schlagintweits, or who had been brought into contact with the unfortunate Adolphe during his last journey—are chiefly interesting for the insight they give into the condition of the Chinese power in Central Asia, at a distance from the seat of Government which, considering the difficulty of intercourse, must be called enormous. The provinces of Yarkand and Kashgar form the western limit of the Chinese empire. Adjoining these is the country of Kokand, inhabited by various tribes ruled by Turcoman chiefs, who pay uncertain allegiance to a paramount chief, or Khan, but are always ready, for gain or fanatic zeal, to carry on wars upon their own account. The state of things is much like that of the Roman provinces in Dacia when Rome had ceased to carry her eagles forward, but had not yet yielded to the encroachments of the barbarians. The robber chiefs of Kokand periodically raise bands of irregular troops, and attack Yarkand or Kashgar, where they have sympathizers among the resident population, and, in the event of success, are sure of considerable booty. If they are too strong to be resisted at the first onset, the Chinese garrison shuts itself up in some castle or stronghold until the invaders dwindle away by desertion, or until reinforcements arrive from Maha Chin—China Proper. They then fall upon the disorderly Turcoman hordes, drive them back to their own country, release their imprisoned friends, and put to death or captivity those who are suspected of helping the enemy. All this seems to show a greater degree of vitality and energy than we are used to attribute to the Chinese Government. In truth, however, there is no room to doubt that the remarkable organization which for ages has maintained order and law throughout an empire that includes a full third of the human race, even if weakened and corrupted at the centre, is still full of life, and is the one influence that prevents a great part of the world from falling into utter confusion and barbarism.

It looks as if England were, almost without her own knowledge and consent, to be engaged in the gradual destruction of this great fabric of a relatively high, though stationary, civilization; but it would be well if those who direct the national policy were to reflect carefully on the consequences. It may be that the Chinese system has lived its day, and that, even if we abstained from interference, the internal causes of decay would before long destroy the ties by which the Tartar lords of Pekin have been enabled to control, not merely the generally tractable and orderly population of China, but the most turbulent and undisciplined tribes of Central Asia. If this be so, we should be prepared for two unavoidable consequences—a century of anarchy in the interior of the Continent, and a great extension of Russian power in Asia. Both may be inevitable, but it is a matter of doubt whether the power of this country should be used to hasten the catastrophe.

The first serious blow at Chinese supremacy in Central Asia was struck by the Sikhs, when they established their rule over Western Tibet. Gholab Sing, whom we set up as independent ruler of Kashmeer at the close of the second Sikh war, exercised direct sway over Ladak and the adjoining territory, and possessed

extensive influence over the Tartar and Turcoman tribes who approached his territory. He seems to have considered it his best policy to treat courteously whatever English travellers were officially recommended to him, while they remained within his own territory, and many of them have of late years visited Ladak without encountering obstruction; but it is equally certain that the secret influence of the wily Sikh was used to aggravate, rather than to assuage, the jealousy with which his more than semi-barbarous neighbours regard Christian visitors. To his tortuous policy it is probable that we chiefly owe the loss of Adolphe Schlagintweit.

Tibet is separated from Chinese Tartary by the ranges of the Karakorum and Kuenlun, forming an elevated region of vast extent, and, at least in that part of the Continent, the highest portion of the great central plateau of Asia. Preceding travellers had penetrated into the Karakorum, but it is the glory of the Schlagintweits that they have been the first completely to overcome the formidable barriers by which Kashgar and Yarkand—cities that for many centuries have been known only by name—are separated from the fertile lands of British India. The two surviving brothers effected this perilous journey, and returned, without encountering serious difficulty, in 1856. Their brother, taking a somewhat more westerly course in 1857, seems to have reached Yarkand in safety, at a time when one or more Turcoman chiefs had invaded the country. The stories told by two of his native companions, whom he had engaged for the journey, differ materially. According to one account, he travelled of his own accord from Yarkand to Kashgar—the other says that he fled, leaving his baggage behind him. It is certain that he met his death at Kashgar, having been beheaded by order of a fanatical Turcoman chieftain, who was soon after defeated by the Chinese troops, and driven back into Kokand. It seems but too probable that the papers and collections resulting from this last journey of Adolphe Schlagintweit were lost or destroyed, either during his flight from Yarkand, or after his death. The general regret on this latter score will be greatly diminished by the fact that his brothers, more fortunate than he, have been able to bring home in safety the whole of their collections, and a large number of drawings, forming but a portion of the magnificent results of the three years' work of these indefatigable travellers.

The natural impatience of those who are anxious as to the results of a journey so important and interesting has of late been partly satisfied by announcements, no doubt published by due authority, as to the nature and extent of the work on which the Messrs. Schlagintweit have been engaged since their return to Europe. Nine quarto volumes, and eighty views, selected from their original drawings, and executed in chromo-lithography, are promised to the public, and give a sufficient measure of the mass of materials that have been accumulated by their untiring industry. We believe, indeed, that there are few departments of knowledge to which their activity has not been extended; and whatever anxiety we may feel as to the ultimate value of their work is caused rather by the excess than the scarcity of the matter at their disposal. If it is an advantage, it is also a difficulty and a danger, to a writer to be provided with an enormous accumulation of facts. If these are merely thrown crudely before the world in a shapeless mass, their value to the man of science is lessened by the labour that it will cost him to mould them into definite form, and they remain worthless, or nearly so, to the general reader. A warning on this head may the more readily be excused, as it is the precise point on which German scientific writers are apt to go astray. They are most laborious and scrupulous in observation, diligent in hewing out facts from the quarry; they take a pleasure in classifying them in rows and heaps ready to the hand of the builder; but they too often forget the higher function of the architect, who fits together the scattered fragments into an intelligible whole, itself a harmonious portion of the evergrowing fabric of scientific truth.

We have been informed that it is a portion of the design of the forthcoming work to devote one volume to a simple itinerary of the routes followed by the three brothers during their three years of travel, and to include in another volume a series of sketches of the scenery and natural phenomena of the various regions which they have explored—somewhat, we presume, upon the model of Humboldt's *Ansichten der Natur*. If there be yet time for the suggestion, we would strongly urge the expediency of altering this intention, which threatens to weaken in the most serious degree the interest and instruction which general readers reasonably expect from so important a work. The personal narrative of a traveller is the connecting thread which maintains the interest and stimulates the curiosity of ordinary readers; and the Messrs. Schlagintweit have only to refer to the example set by their illustrious master, Alexander von Humboldt, or to that of the most distinguished of recent scientific travellers in Asia, Dr. Joseph Hooker, to satisfy themselves that all the most important conclusions derived from a traveller's special inquiries, and the liveliest descriptions of natural scenery, may with advantage be interwoven with the story of his travels and adventures in strange lands. It is his especial privilege to extend amongst a wide circle of readers the love of science and the desire to enlarge her domain; for while he gratifies the universal desire to learn something of unknown lands and strange people, he is able to trace out the causes that give to each part of the earth's surface its peculiar characteristics—to link what was known before with new revelations of the action of those great forces that make up

the life of our planet, and new manifestations of the endless variety of animal and vegetable life; and where his own efforts have stopped short, he can point towards new fields of inquiry wherein fresh labourers may continue his work. We trust, therefore, that while they are properly desirous to lay in a complete form before the scientific public the results of their special inquiries in terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, ethnology, and various departments of natural history, the Messrs. Schlagintweit will not fail to bestow an equal amount of attention on the personal narrative which will embody a condensed summary of the general results of their labours. It may not be beneath their attention to remember that while the purchasers of their complete work—however moderate may be its cost—can be but the select few, there are thousands in this country who will not only read, but buy, a well-written account of the most important travels that have been accomplished of late years.

We have seen some specimens of a series of tinted photographs, taken from the original water-colour drawings executed by the three brothers during their travels. The process seems to be a new one, and the result very satisfactory, as it is difficult to distinguish the copies from the originals. The entire collection includes no less than 700 sketches; and we have heard that a small number of complete copies will be executed in Germany. Few, if any, private persons can think of acquiring a collection which must be costly as well as voluminous; but it would be but right that some of our public institutions should possess copies of what forms in itself a very complete pictorial representation of a part of the earth especially interesting to the British nation.

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.

THE holidays are evidently beginning to tell upon the country gentlemen. They are twice the men they were six weeks ago. Fresh air and early hours, and the unflagging persecution of partridges, have resuscitated their shattered systems. Undisputed sovereignty has smoothed the tempers ruffled by the vicissitudes of a Parliamentary campaign; the inspection of county hospitals and virtuous cottagers has developed their philanthropy; the gentle labours of the Quarter Sessions have stimulated their intellects. Flushed with success, they look around for some fresh arena for the employment of their superabundant activity, nor do they look in vain. In the fulness of joy, in all the delicious consciousness of power, the British squirearchy breaks out into song, or rather into oratory. Huntingdonshire is vocal, Essex still rings with Conservative Hallelujahs, West Surrey has been reared with an oration, the "True Blues" of Colchester have hoisted their colours and defied the enemy, the Herefordshire potentates have dined, and drunk and spoken. Wherever we look there is a M.P. on his legs demonstrating his own and his party's excellences, and explaining the British Constitution to a bucolic audience.

The accounts of these meetings are extremely good reading for a Londoner. They act as a corrective of the stimulating fare to which he is accustomed. They come over us with a sort of freshness, like a pleasant breeze, diffusing around a wholesome aroma of turnips and mangel-wurzel. They enable us to realize Farmer Hodge and Farmer Hodge's philosophy of existence. There is a genial, confiding simplicity about the language employed that is really touching—its rustic elegance contrasts charmingly with the elaborate splendours of more studied performances. God made the country, and man made the town, and nobody but a county member could make the right sort of speech for an agricultural meeting. The fact is, in this fast, feverish metropolis people are too clever by half for anything like comfort. Everybody is ready "to be down" upon everybody else at the earliest opportunity. A trite quotation, a stolen joke, an old story, a feeble argument, can hardly hope to escape undetected. Some one or other is sure to be ill-natured enough to know all about it, and to give the world the benefit of his information. People are so critical, and so sensitive about their own mistakes, and so observant of their neighbours, that language of every kind is apt to become uninterestingly circumspect, and the hope of success is hardly enough to compensate the distrustful orator for the likelihood of failure. At the county meeting all this is reversed. The member is generally surrounded by his partisans. All the day he has been patronizing his inferiors. Everybody thinks pretty much as he does. His hearers, not dangerously acute in the first instance, have had plenty of good cheer, and are not in the least inclined to criticism. The stream of sentiment, if somewhat turgid and sluggish, flows at any rate in the right direction; everybody wishes to be pleased, nobody needs to be convinced; and the delighted orator, naturally enough, catches the inspiration of the moment, dashes off the most brilliant periods, and believes himself in Elysium.

This sort of treat is really owing to the patriotic gentlemen who sit in patient silence through so many weary nights of dull debating, and who, unquestioning and submissive, answer to the summons of their whip, and record, time after time, the votes for which they have not dared, or have not been allowed, to speak. The fires that are stifled at St. Stephen's blaze out in full glory in the provinces. The Conservatives, especially, take the fullest advantage of their opportunities. No one could have the heart to grudge them the relief which they appear to find. They have had but a weary time of late. So many old cries have been silenced, so many associations broken, so many articles of faith abandoned,

that they begin to distrust their own identity, and to more than distrust the prophet whom a stern necessity appoints to lead them through the dreary desert of Opposition. As was wittily said of them, they have had many a hard march through the mud, and ended too often in hoisting the enemy's colours. Their warmest apologist could hardly represent their latest manoeuvre as anything but an egregious failure. "There is so much trouble in coming into the world," said Lord Bolingbroke, "and so much trouble, and disgrace to boot, in going out of it, that 'tis scarcely worth while being here at all." The same might be said of the brief existence which it was the first act of the newly-elected Parliament so ruthlessly to crush. An unequal struggle, and an almost ignominious defeat, were certainly dearly purchased by the anxieties of an election. No wonder the wounded warriors feel in need of mutual encouragement. The burthen of their song, if rather monotonous, is pathetic in its sincerity. The loyal promptness of Lord Derby and his followers in aiding their monarch at a moment of embarrassment—the treacherous machinations that drove them from office—the perils that threaten the Church—the atrocities of Mr. Bright's career—the advisability of rifle-corps—the excellence of Conservative foreign policy—the efficiency of Conservative war measures—and, above all, the unalterable resolution of Conservatives at large to rally in defence of the institutions of their country—these, in varying order, and with different illustrations, form the staple of Tory eloquence. They are subjects on which it would be difficult to be original, and indeed originality would be quite out of place; but they are admirably adapted for a certain order of mild humour, and there is plenty of mild humour forthcoming. A happy chance enabled Mr. Papillon to do wonders in this line the other day at Colchester. He had discovered an announcement in the *Shipping Intelligence* about a brig called *Lord Palmerston*, which had gone ashore somewhere, and had to be taken into Gibraltar disabled. It was of course easy enough to turn this into a prophetic description of the destruction impending over the Whigs. "The Brig Lord Palmerston," such was the gloomy vaticination of the Conservative seer, "from Romsey for Downing-street, laden with Indian Difficulties, ran ashore off Reform Point, and after discharging part of her cargo, was got off and taken to the Opposition benches in a very leaky state." No wonder the laughter was loud—no wonder the Colchester True Blues felt bluer than ever, and resolved, with their orator, that their attitude should be dignified, and Conservative measures welcome from whatever quarter they should come.

But even at agricultural meetings things do not always go quite smoothly. In one's most festive moments, the candid friend sometimes appears, ready with gentle rebuke and sage advice, and the Conservatives are not the men to repine at so wholesome a discipline. At a meeting of the Hineckford Club, in Essex, Mr. Beresford spoke out with a frankness that bordered on being impolite. He grounded his adherence to his party almost exclusively on his dislike of the unfair play to which it was exposed, and proceeded to admonish it in terms of unmistakable displeasure. "On a retrospect of the last few years, he regretted to be obliged to say that he could not see a very great and distinct difference between a Conservative and a Liberal Government, when they were in actual possession and installed." All sorts of unholy compromises are becoming the fashion. One man is Conservative-Liberal, and another is Liberal-Conservative, and Mr. Beresford thinks one as bad as the other. "In his opinion one of the strongest and best elements of good government in the country, and the best security for our free institutions, is the existence of two contending parties, each thoroughly imbued with a faithful and conscientious belief in, and firm adherence to, its own views, each convinced that it is decidedly right, and its opponent decidedly wrong." Mr. Beresford's heart is with the old days of thorough-going warfare. He is a keen warrior, who grasps his sword and pants for the battle, when his comrades around him are fraternizing with the enemy, and the generals already discussing the terms of agreement.

It would need a louder voice than Mr. Beresford's to arrest that process of approximation of political parties in which he sees such manifold dangers. The posts where the fight was hottest have long been surrendered or taken; and though the combat rages on still, it is in some new direction, and often under another standard. Every great political question has its own especial adherents, and it is vain to hope that they will keep steadily in rank and march loyally to battle when the bond of union is dissolved between their comrades and themselves, and the object of their common efforts is either successfully achieved or absolutely despaired of. The mutual animosities of parties have become, indeed, almost unintelligible to all but an inner circle of politicians. As Mr. Du Cane, on the same occasion, observed, the question, What did they kill each other for? is one to which, in the case of many a Parliamentary struggle, it would be difficult to give any satisfactory answer besides the gratification of party rivalry and the achievement of a party triumph. Indeed, the small degree in which any generally recognised lines of demarcation between the two great political divisions are at the present moment discernible was strikingly exemplified by the language employed at this very meeting. Throughout it we look in vain for anything approaching to a principle. The main topic of complaint was the identity of the measures adopted by the Whigs with those of their pre-

decessors, and the Rev. J. Cox, who spoke later in the day, seemed to consider the approval of the British Constitution as equivalent to Conservative opinions, and to look upon the Church-rate question as the one on which rival parties were now to take their stand, and fight their principal battle.

If the agricultural meetings are to be looked upon as foreshadowing the proceedings of Parliament, we cannot congratulate ourselves on the prospect of anything new, brilliant, or entertaining. Most of the speeches are wonderfully dull—all are commonplace. Even Mr. Drummond seems unable to bear up against the depressing influences of the occasion. When he had laughed at the Dorking Riflemen for being too fat to hide themselves behind furze bushes, he was obliged to acknowledge that there was nothing to say, and to abuse the philosophers of Bradford for taking the bread out of his mouth. The Social Science Congress will indeed have a deal to answer for, if, in its discursive flights, it invade the holiday domains of our politicians, and make the after-dinner oratory of country gentlemen still less amusing than for the most part it is at present.

"IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY."

EVERYBODY knows the sort of epidemic form which crime occasionally assumes. At one time there is a run upon wife-murder, at another gigantic thefts are the rage, at a third the energies of rascaldom seem devoted exclusively to garrotting. There seems something positively infectious about a bad deed, and each patient has the disease in a more aggravated form than his predecessor. The same law appears to apply to Folly. It has its times and seasons, its favourable opportunities, its latest fashions. Just now there seems a sort of rivalry on foot as to who shall talk most wildly about the State of Europe. The movement was started, we think, at the Vatican. The Holy Father himself made a fair beginning. Then came the French Pastors, which were no doubt fully up to the required standard of imbecility, if we could only have seen them. Next the Irish prelates, fired with a noble emulation, entered upon the race, and made all the running; and now the *Irishman* has thrown itself fairly into the struggle, and collected its energies for a burst of extravagance which we think may safely defy competition. The force of Folly can no further go. It had every advantage which could entitle it to hope for success. A gentleman, whose modesty lurks in the retirement of initials, but who appears to be no other than the illustrious John Mitchell, contributes to the journal we have named some happy ideas, and much extremely powerful language. And "Allua," and "Gall," and "Lamh Dearg"—that gentle triumvirate which sways the destinies of the *Irishman*—have outdone themselves. All three have risen to the grandeur of the occasion. Gall has drawn a fine contrast between Saxon tyranny and the mild beneficence of the French Imperial régime. Allua has been witheringly sarcastic about the "gilded pill" of National Education, and denounces its fallacies with an air of triumph which convinces us that his name must be a Celtic abbreviation of the Alleluiah common to more civilized nations. And Lamh Dearg has depicted the "dreary drudgery of looking over the leaders of the English press," and the depressing effects on himself of the "bullying, the bluster, the swaggering rodomontade, and the fanatical fustian of the Anglo-Saxon organs," with a pathos which might melt even Anglo-Saxon hard-heartedness. From beginning to end, says the sufferer, they are lamentable rubbish. The driftless mauling of the *Times*, the stolid fanaticism of the *Advertiser*, the rabid nonsense of the *Press*, the feeble smartness of the *Globe*—all, all conspire to drive him melancholy mad. "Why," he exclaims, "even the poor old galvanized jokes of the *Dublin Evening Mail* were a relief after that slough of Great British Dulness!"

We can hardly wonder at the accusation. There are in this country so many impediments to a fine, slashing style of thinking and writing—so many tiresome restrictions, so many absurd conventionalities—that the wonder is that we do not fall still more below the level of Continental journalism than, in Lamh Dearg's opinion, we do already. There is a wretched subserviency to facts, a slavish homage to logic, an affected moderation of thought, a vile, hypocritical pretence of liberality, which, to the Celtic intellect, are no doubt sufficiently revolting. And then we are so horribly unimaginative. Till a thing comes downright within the range of possibility, Englishmen hardly care to speculate about it; whereas, to the *Irishman's* poetic vision, it is distance that lends enchantment to the view, and enables his unrestricted fancy to throw off the most brilliant theories, and to arrive—when and how he pleases—at the most startling results. For instance, with regard to the present European uncertainties, while we are prosaically enrolling ourselves into rifle-clubs, and muddling our brains over such matter-of-fact affairs as Navy Reserves or Army Estimates, Mr. Mitchell soars away into the clear empyrean, grapples undauntedly with the non-existent, dashes boldly from an unreal past to an impossible future, and maps out the policy of an imaginary Ireland with as much calmness and precision as if he were dealing with good hard facts and ascertained figures.

Nor is Mr. Mitchell alone in his flight. The *Dundalk Democrat* is ready with a plan, has worked out all its details, and cries aloud for its general acceptance. It is not a bad one in its way. Twenty thousand young Irishmen, it suggests, might easily be enlisted under the banner of Pio Nono, drive away the cut-

throat rabble that at present surrounds him, emancipate his loving subjects from the outrageous tyranny of the rebel leaders, and restore safety to the person and peace to the mind of the suffering Father of Christendom. A happy solution, indeed, of the most perplexing of State questions—most happy, if attainable. And that it is attainable the *Dundalk Democrat* is prepared to show; it is ready with a nice little arrangement for the pay of these martial devotees in their latter-day crusade. Shall Pio Nono be intimidated? Shall his choicest treasures be borne away, and shall not the 20,000 Irish boys know the reason why? And will not Catholic Europe subscribe 100,000*l.* a-year for the Irish boys employed in so noble a cause? It would be but a trifle. Ireland could well afford 20,000*l.* The faithful few that sojourn in heretical England might manage 5000*l.* Religious France, its holy zeal coerced into a torturing reticence, would relieve its feelings by a donation of 20,000*l.* Spain would be ready with 20,000*l.* America would like to help "a true and faithful Irish army in the Eternal City for the preservation of the Vicar of Christ from the ruffian hands of his infidel enemies." What faithful bosom but must glow with a sacred chivalry at so delightful a suggestion! The *Dundalk Democrat* may well warm up as he proceeds with his task, and manipulates his figures with all the impetuosity that befits so inspiring a theme. After all, asks this holy arithmetician, what are twenty thousand pounds? Two hundred thousand subscribers at a shilling a head would do it; or two millions four hundred thousand at a penny, or a thousand parishes at 10*l.* Take it how you will, in ten-pound notes or penny-pieces, is it not delightfully feasible? Is it not time for Ireland to speak out? "If the French Emperor heard that Catholic Ireland felt indignant at his inexplicable conduct, we may be certain that a great deal of good would be effected." We can imagine the alarm which the information would cause at the Tuileries, and the gloom it must throw over the Imperial councils. Louis Napoleon is a bold man, and has been through some trying scenes; but to be called upon for an explanation by indignant Catholic Ireland would, we conceive, be too much even for him. The blow would be all the heavier in that it was struck by a loving hand. Ireland is, we are assured, devotedly French. Sometimes she sighs, as the Bishop of Orleans kindly suggested, for the sceptre of the fortunate individual who is at once an Irish prince, a French marshal, a gallant soldier, and a devoted Catholic. Sometimes she looks to Napoleonic philanthropy to strike off her galling chains, and bid her forget the long miseries of Saxon thralldom. "Who," says Mr. Mitchell, "will make the Emperor sure that the Irish people wait for him, and pray for him? How is he to know that two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men would be proud to follow his eagles from Bantry Bay to Dublin, and from thence, if he chose it, across to Liverpool?" How, indeed? We do not suppose that he will take Mr. Mitchell's word for it, because Mr. Mitchell's word, in popular estimation, is not his strong point. Some incidents in his past career have been ill-naturedly interpreted in a manner not altogether flattering to his reliability; and 250,000 fighting men, added to the 20,000 who will be at Rome, guarding the Vatican, is a large tax upon the resources of the most military and the most oppressed of nations. Altogether, Mr. Mitchell feels that he has a heavy task before him. His letter is tinged with melancholy. It is gently expostulatory. He is obliged to tell his friends that they are most provokingly quiet. "Foreigners," he says, "think you have given the world more trouble than you are worth with your reclamations against British oppression, and your periodical rebellions and half rebellions, seeing that you are now tranquil, contented, prosperous, and well affected, ever since your noisy gang of agitators were carried off." Even the French begin to doubt whether chronic rebellion is the only form of existence which the Irish character finds tolerable. Outrages like that of Lord Derby upon the Doon tenants are understood as exceptional pieces of villany rather than as parts of a consistent whole of despotism. People imagine that it is *un protestantisme de trois siècles* which has degraded the pure blood of the Stanleys, instead of understanding that their acts go, with a thousand others, to form a cruel "machinery for draining Ireland, and grinding down her people to swell the wealth and power of another people." Commerce is increasing, agriculture prospers, Irish interests are spoken of with due deference in Parliament, popular education is provided for out of the public funds, honourable careers are open to young Irishmen, Irish soldiers serve gallantly in English armies, Irish elections excite the greatest interest, and—cruelest wrong of all—a benignant Viceroy assures the people at cattle-shows that they are prosperous, loyal, and happy, and not a man has the pluck to contradict so monstrous an assertion.

This is really a little too bad. Mr. Mitchell naturally feels aggrieved, and so, he says, does the Continent. "The whole world feels a little cheated in your case." After exciting so much compassion, it is quite unfair to stop grumbling, and leave one's sympathizers standing over one in various attitudes of superfluous affliction. Besides, the *Irishman* and its correspondent know that it is all nonsense. Ireland is just as wretched as ever. Though inarticulate from exhaustion, she is not insensible. Every consolation but one has long quitted her miserable shores. "Hope, the charmer, still remains behind," and that hope glitters from the Tuileries. "Myriads of the Irish are known to be looking with a dull kind of hope to the rising star

of this magnificent Emperor." The hour of release is at hand. The Gaelic Avatar comes! The redresser of the wrongs of mankind will "strike a blow at the heart of the enemy of the human race." Ireland will be ready to welcome him to the scene of triumph, and to help him in the work of retribution. Ireland will chant the psalms that prelude the glorious struggle, and Ireland will lead off in the chorus of emancipated nationalities.

The very best joke, Mr. Mitchell ought to know by this time, has its day. His present joke was once not a bad one, but it is twelve years old at least. He very wisely has not been in Ireland for a long while, and so has some excuse for not seeing that he has fallen behind his generation. Everybody knows that the description which he means to be sarcastic is, in fact, literally true. In despite of such hot-headed people as himself, and of the assiduous efforts of a violent clergy, the Irish nation becomes every day more prosperous, more reasonable, and more firmly united to England. Any great public danger would, we are convinced, simply have the effect of cementing that union still more closely, and of employing that prosperity in purposes of common defence. Should such an event as that which so excites Mr. Mitchell's imagination ever really arrive, its first effect would be to consign him and his friends of the *Irishman* to the obscurity which attends the race of grumbling visionaries at moments when facts, not theories, have to be dealt with, and when there are actual dangers to be confronted, instead of imaginary grievances to be discussed.

THE MARYLEBONE VESTRY.

ALL our thoughts, why should Emperors, and Congresses, and Cabinet Councils engross? Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Marylebone Vestry. The subject is by no means beneath the dignity of the goddess who, if any, presides over the metropolitan press. The great municipal councils are somewhat hardly dealt with. It is only in the *Observer*, which devotes itself with remarkable assiduity to these domestic annals of London, that we get a glimpse of such truly great men as Mr. D'Iffanger of the Marylebone Vestry—we mean, the Marylebone Representative Council—and Mr. Brettingham, or the Rev. Mr. Eckett, of the Wittenagemote of St. Pancras; and the social loss in seeing so little of the working of the great principle of self-government is considerable. It is a loss in these dull times, and in the stormy afternoon of the year, to be deprived of a legitimate source of amusement. This is one reason why we regret that the daily papers do not condescend to report the proceedings of the little parliaments; but, upon higher grounds, it is a pity that the world of London should not know the manner of men and the rich wisdom of counsel by which it is governed. The tendency of things is to entrust more power to these local bodies. Sir Benjamin Hall's Act united these little democracies into a considerable political power. They virtually control the Parliamentary representation of the metropolis; and an influential school of reformers contemplate entrusting more power and more influence to these bodies. It is intended that they should control Parliament itself. It is now always *en règle* that the member for Marylebone should be formally introduced to the Marylebone and Pancras Representative Councils. They consider him, and Mr. Edwin James certainly considers himself, to be the delegate to St. Stephens of the local conventions. He is to represent them—their wisdom, their wishes, their politics, their policy. This is actually the state of things in London, and the extension of this system is part of Mr. Bright's ticket. We repeat, then, that the sayings and doings of these influential bodies are a matter of large political interest. And the very fact that they are supremely absurd, and ineffably vulgar and small, is the reason why we should know something more about them. Our readers and the general public know, or suspect, that the proceedings of parish vestries, municipal councils, and ward motes are what we have said; but, unless they know exactly what such institutions are when actually at work, they miss a great standing warning. Besides, as we cross the Atlantic to chronicle a Caucus meeting or a faction fight at Cincinnati or New York, we may as well take the simple lesson of Americanized constituencies at home.

A recent "scene in the Marylebone Council," taken from the honest chronicles of the *Observer*, is a fair average illustration of the sort of warning which we mean. It appears that a representation had been forwarded to the Metropolitan Board of Works, from the Representative Council of Marylebone, recommending the renumbering of the houses in Mortimer-street. This recommendation was based upon, and embodied, the curious fact, that in Mortimer-street there were three houses numbered 12, three of 20, two of 21, two of 27, two of 51, and five of 52. How it was possible for the men of Mortimer-street to exist in this frightful confusion of their domiciles seemed an interesting subject for the meditative mind. But so the fact was stated, on the authority of one Mr. Israel Abrahams, himself a Representative Councillor, who had presented a memorial on the subject, alleged to be signed by the dwellers in Mortimer-street. This memorial the Council appears to have adopted *en bloc*. They never questioned the facts, but, assuming them without the slightest inquiry, proceeded to memorialize the Board of Works for renumbering the street. On Saturday last, a counter memorial to the Representative Council was presented by a Mr. Fur-

land, signed by fifty out of the fifty-five inhabitants of Mortimer-street, stating distinctly that there was but one house numbered 12, not three; one 20, not three; one 21, not two; one 27, not two; one 47, not two; one 51, not two; and two 52, not five. This document was presented by a deputation, which on meeting the Council, was subjected to a very severe cross-examination by Mr. Israel Abrahams and others, who, amongst other things, charged the deputation "not with forgery, but with stating that which was false." However, not a single shadow of proof was adduced that the fifty inhabitants of Mortimer-street had not stated the exact fact; and it came out that the wonderful state of the numbers in Mortimer-street was a pure invention of Mr. Israel Abrahams. The debate which ensued is the most instructive part of the transaction, and shows the curious state of moral feeling which influences a Representative Council.

Immediately upon the retirement of the deputation—whose treatment by the Council was such that Mr. Purland, upon being ordered to withdraw, "exclaimed, 'Yes; and depend upon it, we don't return again'"—Mr. Smart moved and Mr. Wingfield seconded the next order of the day. This piece of impudence was rather too much for the honesty of Mr. Hutchens, who moved "That the additional names brought up to-day be forwarded to the Metropolitan Board of Works; and that, as the motion for re-numbering the houses in Mortimer-street was carried by misrepresentation, Resolved, that the Board of Works be requested not to alter the numbers in Mortimer-street." A very long debate followed, in which Mr. Israel Abrahams signalized himself by styling his brother councillors, *more Americano*, "the Hon. Mr. McEvily," and so on. The word "misrepresentation," however, caused serious misgivings to the dignity of the Council. To be sure, it was proved incidentally that of the five memorialists, ratepayers and inhabitants of Mortimer-street, produced by Mr. Israel Abrahams, and on whose faith the re-numbering was ordered, two were not ratepayers at all, and Mr. Israel Abrahams was not a ratepayer in Mortimer-street. But this was of small consequence. To have committed themselves to a downright fiction was little to the assembled councillors, compared with the dignity and honour of their Hebrew colleague. A point of order was then adroitly raised—a special vestry must be specially summoned to rescind a previous formal resolution of the august board. Once more the next business was moved and seconded. Mr. Carr then, much to his credit, moved simply, "That the additional names brought up be forwarded to the Metropolitan Board, and that they be informed that the motion for re-numbering the houses in Mortimer-street was carried by misrepresentation." This motion saved the point of order, but carried the practical question against Mr. Israel Abrahams. This worthy, however, found a friend in his co-religionist, Professor Marks, a Jewish gentleman who superintends a synagogue somewhere in the West of London, and who "felt compelled to move an amendment, because the resolution conveyed a stigma on, and held up as having stated a falsehood, a member of their own body"—which happened to be the exact state of things. But the Professor, or as Mr. Abrahams sonorously saluted him, "the right reverend gentleman, Professor Marks," evidently considered that the whole credit of the house of Israel was identified with Mr. Israel Abrahams. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were not remotely impugned by the censure on this worthy Caucasian. No doubt his friend had been guilty of a misrepresentation so gross and childish, that one naturally thinks that Abrahams is mad; but the hint thrown out was eagerly adopted by the assembled candour and wisdom of Marylebone. Mr. Tavener seconded the amendment, which was that, "instead of the word 'misrepresentation,' the words be inserted 'under an error as to the feelings of the inhabitants.'" Whereupon an assenting chorus is heard. To be sure, Mr. Abrahams is by one speaker reminded that "it is not for him personally that the amendment is suggested, but it was the character of that representative body which he was desirous of protecting." Mr. Abrahams is, by another, excused on the ground that he is "a very young man in parochials." A third orator desires to temper justice with mercy. Mr. D'Iffanger closes the discussion with some grave observations on the "high character of that assembly at the Metropolitan Board, which would be seriously derogated from if they kept sending up memorials and counter-memorials on the same subject," and then proposes that the discussion should drop—evidently thinking that the high character of himself and his colleagues would be best maintained by boldly sticking to a gross and most palpable misrepresentation, rather than by owning an error. Finally "the right reverend Professor Marks's" amendment was carried; and so the Representative Council confesses that somebody committed an error, but will not plead guilty that anybody—still less that their colleague, the Hon. Mr. Israel Abrahams—was guilty of misrepresentation, or of something which perhaps Solomon or the son of Sirach would have called by a very different and more plain-spoken name.

Now, this ridiculous business has its moral. We say little of the illustration it conveys of the way in which business is done by these councils. First, they adopt an extraordinary statement without the slightest inquiry. On investigation, many of the councillors decline to go into the matter at all; and, in conclusion, they refuse to confess a palpable blunder—the honour of their own body is superior to the interests of truth. We say nothing of the bullying tone adopted towards the

poor people of Mortimer-street. If the Marylebone Vestry had once asserted that there were five Nos. 52, it was simply impertinent and insolent in any body, or in any fifty bodies, to prove that there were only two 52's; and, as to showing that there were not four Nos. 51, but only one No. 51, such an outrageous contempt of the Representative Council must be put down. Save our consistency, and let truth go hang—let us shield our friend and brother Abrahams, and never mind facts. As to the author of all this folly, we do not say that a Christian could not be found to be guilty of so gross an imposture, but still the man illustrates a principle. No doubt he was made a councillor simply because he was a Jew. It was, of course, as a Jew that he stood for his election—just as a Salomons or a Rothschild becomes a candidate for another sort of seat. The recommendation is that Jews represent a principle. There is a principle in not rejecting a man likely to be useful as a representative, simply because he is a Jew; and it is one in which we heartily concur. But it is no principle—or a very dangerous one—to think that a man is a better representative only because he is a Jew or a Turk. The sole claim to his place which the Hon. Israel Abrahams could have preferred was his Judaism. We do not believe that circumcision implies all moral and political virtues. In this personage's case it has not saved him from being something much worse than a contemptible blockhead; but we notice the affair because we are not desirous of the increase of social institutions which embrace such as him, and, while embracing him, whitewash a very discreditable proceeding in the corporate interests of the whole body. Mr. Abrahams, or any such individual, might exist in any corporate body; but it is only a corporate body of the Town Council type which could have treated such a case in such a way.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN HUNGARY.*

NOTWITHSTANDING his foreign name, Mr. Wenkster proves his right to the character of an Englishman by a lucid, spirited, and idiomatic style. His account of the Hungarian war is concise and readable, and although some of his conclusions may perhaps be inaccurate, it appears to be written in an honest and impartial spirit. The most indispensable qualification for an historian of Hungary consists in the negative merit of neither deifying Kossuth nor denouncing him as an imbecile traitor. Mr. Wenkster censures the vanity and unsteadiness of the revolutionary chief, and represents his final abandonment of his post as little less than pusillanimous; but full justice is done to the energy and to the irresistible eloquence which originated and sustained the national insurrection. Although Kossuth's higher gifts were combined with the powers of a demagogue, it is unfair to place the statesman who governed a kingdom and organized a succession of victories on the same level with mere agitators, such as Wilkes or O'Connell. Kossuth's admirers might not unreasonably compare him during his rise to Mirabeau, and at his height of power to Demosthenes himself. Like the great Athenian, he raised armies by his eloquence and concentrated all the forces of his country on a struggle for national existence. If, since his fall, he has drivelled with Mazzini, and even degraded himself to the coarse fellowship of Ledru Rollin, the strong temptations of exile may furnish a palliation, if not an excuse, for his weakness. The fatal error of proclaiming the Hungarian Commonwealth would have been treasonable folly if it had proceeded from the Jacobinical fanaticism which Kossuth has since adopted or affected. At the time, the deposition of the House of Hapsburg may have seemed an unavoidable measure of policy, although the Governor of the Kingdom ought to have foreseen the alienation of the nobility and army and the possible interference of Russia. If circumstances once more placed him at the head of his countrymen, he might still have the wisdom to prefer national concord to Republican theories. The universal national organization against Austria which was lately frustrated by the Peace of Villafranca affords the best proof of the confidence which political opponents place in the patriotism of the Hungarian leader. The more generous members of the aristocratic party, while they dispute his administrative capacity and statesmanlike prudence, have always admitted that no influence but that of Kossuth could have combined all classes of the nation against the Austrian invader.

There is, perhaps, no instance in ancient or modern history of an insurrection so just, so unanimous, and so gallantly supported. In the spring of 1848, the Austrian Government had consented to the appointment of a responsible Ministry in Hungary; and when Jellachich immediately afterwards raised a Croatian army on the frontier of the kingdom, the Emperor formally denounced the enterprise as an act of treason. Nevertheless, the Ban was received at Court, his troops were paid by the Austrian War Office, and as soon as it was thought that his forces were sufficient for the purpose, he was recognised as a faithful servant of the Crown, and his invasion of Hungary was openly sanctioned. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the feeling which the Imperial treachery aroused in Hungary, except by the aid of an imaginary and far-fetched illustration. Let

* *History of the War in Hungary in 1848 and 1849.* By Otto Wenkster. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

it be supposed that William IV., having been imbued with the maxims of Continental royalty, had, after assenting to the introduction of the Reform Bill, induced O'Connell, by a promise of Repeal of the Union, to march an army of Irish Catholics on London for the avowed purpose of shutting up the House of Commons. The burst of indignation which might have followed so inconceivable a combination of circumstances may perhaps be but vaguely imagined, and yet it must be remembered that all the supposed impossibilities were actually experienced by Kossuth and his countrymen. The Croats, the Serbs, the Wallachs, and the Slovaks bore the same relation to the Magyars as the Irish to their English neighbours; and the Hungarian Diet, like the British Parliament, had lately been employed in relieving the subject races from unjust and oppressive laws. The animosity which survived was largely mingled on one side with contempt, and on the other with resentment, and the insurrection of the Slavonic tribes assumed the colour of an odious treason when it was clandestinely suborned by the King of Hungary and his advisers. The constitution to which Ferdinand and all his ancestors had sworn involved the supremacy of the Magyars, and it was solely through his position as their limited monarch that he reigned over the dependencies which he now incited to rebellion. The subsequent union against Austria of nearly all the races which inhabit the kingdom affords the best proof both of the justice of the Hungarian cause and of Kossuth's marvellous powers of persuasion. At the first outbreak of the danger he displayed a resolution and vigour not unworthy of Demosthenes. In March, 1848, he induced the Parliament to sanction the equipment of 200,000 men. In May, 1849, he had more than 300,000 men in arms; and the national leaders had, after a long and bloody campaign, nearly cleared the territory of foreign enemies. Revolutionary France never achieved so rapid a military success, nor even so extraordinary a national unity; for Kossuth had to pacify a Vendée which included more than half the population of the country. If such leaders and such soldiers were now to be found in Italy, news-mongers might suspend their curiosity about Zurich Treaties and European Congresses. Yet it was the misfortune of Hungary, also, that victory brought dissension, and that imprudent provocation ended in the fatal defection of the military chiefs.

Mr. Wenkster, who shades and balances the character of Kossuth with dispassionate care, seems to lose his equanimity when he has occasion to deal with Görgey. No apologist will succeed in erasing the stain which was left by the surrender of Villagos; but a soldier who rose rapidly to command, and won victory after victory, can scarcely have acquired by mere cowardice and incapacity the opportunity of perpetrating a final treason. Mr. Wenkster extends his censures in a qualified degree to all the Hungarian generals, except perhaps Perczel and Kmetty. It is only of the Englishman, Gyon, and of the Poles, Bem and Dembinski, that he speaks in terms of unqualified admiration and confidence. He represents even Klapka as presumptuous and incompetent at the commencement of the war, and as hesitating towards its close on the verge of complicity with Görgey. Some of the facts are entirely undisputed; but the motives of the Magyar officers, and at least a part of their conduct, admit of various interpretations. There is no doubt that both Bem and Dembinski were able commanders, or that they entered heart and soul into the quarrel with Austria. If the country had implicitly trusted them, and if the army had blindly obeyed them, they would possibly have rewarded the confidence of both by final success; yet it must be remembered that they had a cause of their own to support, and that they had the strongest motives for extending the area of the war. Bem had taken a part in the Viennese insurrection, which was wholly unconnected with the Hungarian dispute, and the Poles in general were at the time adopting the revolutionary cause throughout Europe, in the hope of finding allies and followers who might assist them in the reconquest of their own country. The Magyar generals had a definite and limited cause of quarrel with Austria; and although experience proved that it would have been better to throw away the scabbard at the beginning of the contest, their wishes, and even the demands of Kossuth, would, in the early part of the war, have been satisfied by reasonable concessions. It is scarcely surprising that the leaders of one of the most warlike nations in Europe should resent the preference which was given to foreign commanders, or that they should desire to retain in their own hands the control of the public fortunes. Mr. Wenkster is possibly justified in charging Görgey and Klapka with lukewarmness in their obedience to the commands of Dembinski; but Kossuth himself, from the time when he superseded the obnoxious Polish General, must be considered responsible for a policy which was not necessarily weak or imprudent. The purely revolutionary leaders, if they had succeeded in driving Windischgratz out of Hungary, would have allied themselves with the insurgents of Vienna, and covered Galicia with their swarms of cavalry. The Hungarians, in the meantime, generally desired to maintain the dynasty of Hapsburg on the throne, after obtaining security for their national rights. It is impossible to blame their anxiety to prevent that collision with Russia which necessarily formed the principal object of the exiled Poles.

From the moment when Görgey extorted from the Government the dismissal of Dembinski, the Hungarians entered on a career of success which Mr. Wenkster insufficiently explains when he attributes it rather "to the fabulous bravery of the

young levies than to the generalship of their leaders." The soldiers were probably as brave before the change as after; but the generals were at last united and hearty in the cause, and they were entitled to the credit of the long series of victories which were achieved with wonderful rapidity. At the end of March, Görgey defeated Jellachich at Biski and Isaszegh, and Windischgratz at Hatvan and Godollo. Perczel beat the Serbians at St. Thomas, and Jellachich at Warasdin; and the main army again obtained victories over Götz, Welden, and Wohlgemuth, took Pesth, relieved Comorn, defeated the enemy at Altenberg, and threatened Presburg and Vienna. In the South, Bem completed the conquest of Transylvania, and drove back the Russian auxiliaries who had lawlessly entered the province from their usurped position in Wallachia. By the end of May the Hungarians seemed to be masters of their own destinies, and the generals who had shared so largely in the glory of success not unnaturally claimed a voice in the determination of the national policy.

It was at this moment that Kossuth's rashness overthrew the edifice which his energy had principally raised. The Austrian Government, with the calculated obstinacy which has enabled it so often to emerge from desperate circumstances, published a Constitution for the Empire, in which the rights of Hungary were passed over without notice, and the ancient kingdom treated as a mere province in the hereditary Monarchy. The insolent disregard both of justice and of fact might probably have been innocuous if Kossuth had not answered the challenge by unnecessarily proclaiming the deposition of the dynasty of Hapsburg. The measure would have been justifiable if it had been unanimously desired by the nation, but there was criminal folly in overruling the known intentions of the generals and officers of the army. The military aristocracy of Hungary, when they submitted to the dictatorship of a freeholder's son, could not be supposed to have given him the right of establishing a Democratic Republic as the permanent form of government. Görgey's defence turns on the fraud which was thus practised on the army, and he asserts that the officers who had fought for the national Constitution would not have followed him in a war against the Hungarian Crown.

The legal question is, as in all disputes of equal magnitude, comparatively immaterial. According to the old capitulations, the oath of the King and his subsequent coronation were indispensable conditions of his exercise of the regal functions. In the middle of the war the imbecile Ferdinand had abdicated, and the present Emperor had succeeded to his Crown dominions and to his pretensions to Hungary. The forms of accession as King had, of course, not been complied with, but an elective monarch whose ancestors have reigned for 300 years must in some sense be regarded as hereditary. Francis Joseph might have no right to dispense with his coronation, but he had an equitable claim to be crowned. The generals who resented his deposition would have insisted on abundant concessions before they had allowed the beaten Austrian armies to escort the new King to Presburg. Russia herself could scarcely have found a pretext for interfering to prevent the maintenance of the ancient Hungarian Constitution.

The motives and excuses for Kossuth's act are sufficiently intelligible, but they weigh nothing in comparison with the folly of provoking the army to a national schism. When the first Ferdinand was elected King of Hungary, after the fatal battle of Mohacz, the House of Austria was neither popular nor in any way entitled to the crown. The magnates and the gentry unwillingly accepted the brother of Charles V., because no rival candidate appeared equally able to defend the country against the preponderating power of Turkey. The reasons for retaining Francis Joseph on the throne were infinitely stronger; and the natural desire of his enemies to get rid of his dynasty would probably have been most effectually promoted by giving Austria further opportunities of provocation. The frightful cruelties which followed the defeat and submission of Hungary may perhaps, on some future occasion, furnish a sufficient justification for a total separation. The most indefensible part of Kossuth's conduct consists in his abdication in favour of Görgey; but at that time further resistance was practically impossible, and some allowance must be made for the agitation and confusion of a ruinous failure. The affectation of assuming in foreign countries the rank of *de jure* Governor of Hungary is a curious proof of the vanity and weakness which have always accompanied Kossuth's extraordinary qualities. In the most brilliant part of his career he displayed great ability; and, whether in good or evil fortune, it would be unreasonable to dispute his patriotism.

VAUGHAN'S REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

DR. VAUGHAN has contributed to the study of English history a very sensible, valuable, and instructive book. He has collected a great amount of information, and has arranged it clearly. His style is intelligible and agreeable. He has shown very sound judgment both in what he has inserted and in what he has omitted. There is nothing to be said against his book, except that it does not rise above the region of common-sense, and plain, straightforward sailing. There are no original remarks—no indications of historical genius—no happy expressions—no

* *Revolutions in English History.* By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. I.—*Revolutions of Race.* London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

unusual beauty, force, or variety of language. His philosophy is the philosophy of the great bulk of educated Englishmen. He sees much good and some bad in the past; and if he errs at all, it is certainly not on the side of undue severity. Perhaps a book so exactly falling in with English thought—so fair, sensible, and sound—is likely to receive less attention than it deserves. There have been so many great and so many ambitious historians in England and France during the last thirty years, that we are hardly patient enough with a writer in whom we find hardly anything to blame, if we do not come across much that commands any very warm admiration. For temporary reputation an historical writer must be brilliant and striking, and then he can afford to be somewhat wrong in his facts and somewhat weak in his arguments. A sound history is like a sound sermon. As we button up our coats we pronounce it excellent, but we are glad when the time for buttoning up our coats has come. Dr. Vaughan's book will not attract those who long for excitement in history. We may hope, however, that his very sound volume will have the reward that we also hope attaches to sound sermons. They do a considerable amount of quiet good, and are appreciated by those who are in earnest. So Dr. Vaughan's volume can scarcely fail to give correct notions of large periods of history to many who need such notions to be supplied to them, and, in the long run, it will be found to have fixed and advanced the standard of the historical knowledge of the country.

Dr. Vaughan has chosen for his subject the *Revolutions in English History*, and his first volume contains the *Revolutions in Race*. Up to the accession of the Tudors the great question was, he says, what kind of men should live in England—sprung from what sources, and imbued with what feelings, traditions, and principles. During the Tudor period the great question was, what should be the religion of England. And, under the Stuarts, the great question was, how England should be governed. The plan which Dr. Vaughan has adopted is, therefore, to arrange English history around the central idea of these periods. Of course his plan is open to many objections—above all, to the obvious one that the ideas or leading facts of these periods really run into each other. In order to describe what races met and mixed on English ground, he is obliged to enter on the first beginnings and early history of free religious thought and free civil government in this country. But we do not think much of this objection. There are two great fields of historical writing which are now open to an author. He may either take some short definite period, and strive, by a minute analysis and representation of facts, to bring it before the modern reader, or he may take a general survey of large periods of time. He may, in short, incline to historical narrative or to historical philosophy. The latter field of activity has been rather out of fashion of late years, principally because there was a passion for it twenty years ago; and then a reaction came, and writers insisted that the great aim of the historian was to delineate with the fullest and most copious accuracy, and to narrow his range within the possible limits of this kind of delineation. But, though the one mode of writing history may be more in fashion at any particular time than the other, they have both their value, and are both necessary to a real comprehension of the past. The historian who takes a general survey makes use of the labours of his more minute predecessors; and, although he must go to their authorities if he does not wish to be a mere second-hand retailer, yet he will first use what they tell him as a stimulus to his imagination, and as food for reflection when he is attempting to bring before him the larger influences and wider tendencies of great groups of consecutive events. A general survey of English history is only possible when special surveys have been taken of particular periods; and as in the course of time the accuracy and minuteness of these special surveys is increased, the character of the general survey will be modified. But at our present stage of historical knowledge we may safely say that any general survey of English history taken by a man of industry, sense, and judgment will be rather limited than wrong. Further investigation will expand it, but not overturn it. What Dr. Vaughan has attempted is to give a general survey of English history. Any person entering on such an attempt would have had to show that, in the periods to which we have referred, the leading point to keep in mind is that the question peculiar to each period is being settled. The objection to Dr. Vaughan's arrangement is, therefore, really a mere objection to its title. It may be urged that to call the book *Revolutions in English History* is to give undue prominence to the salient facts of which the author has to treat. On the other hand, it may be urged that to have called the book "A General Survey of English History" would have been rather ambitious. Between two such considerations, we must leave the author to decide the point for himself.

It is precisely the merit of Dr. Vaughan's book that it is limited, but true. If M. Michelet had accumulated an equal amount of information, we can fancy the use to which he would have put it—how brilliant would have been his paradoxes, how startling his ingenuity in twisting facts to suit his philosophy. Three-fourths of his book would have been a romance; but the remainder would have been much more true and valuable, because guided by a deeper insight and a finer conception of the connexion of men and things, than anything in Dr. Vaughan's volume. Without depreciating such writers, we may also claim a value for sustained and sober truthfulness. Of course, in judging of the past, we must have some standard of agreement before we can speak of truth. Dr. Vaughan thinks that Protestantism is a

good thing, and that civil liberty is a good thing, and any one who differs from him will think he has not done justice to the virtues and wisdom of those who tried hard to avert Protestantism and make English Government a despotism. But if we could assemble a dozen ordinary educated Englishmen—fair impartial persons without party bias or hereditary prejudice—and made them acquainted with the facts on which Dr. Vaughan has based his opinion, we believe that ten out of the twelve would coincide in the opinion of Dr. Vaughan. It cannot be said that an historian who has arrived at this point has done nothing because he does not fascinate, overwhelm, or startle any of his judges. To convince a special jury is not a very brilliant achievement, but it generally requires a good handling of a good case. It is not, however, because it is untrue, but because it is limited, that Dr. Vaughan's book will be attacked. Every reader will look to what it says on the special points with which he is acquainted, and will hold it deficient if it does not come up to his standard. It is very easy to show that it is deficient. The writings of any one who has treated special points to which Dr. Vaughan is obliged to refer, and has treated them with real power and genius, make us immediately aware of Dr. Vaughan's shortcomings. The account of British poetry and the British tribes seems slight and poor to the reader of M. Renan; the Norse legends are boiled down to what must appear a very unedifying residuum to the readers of Mr. Carlyle and Dr. Dasent; and the Normans of Dr. Vaughan have little of the life and reality of the Normans of Sir Francis Palgrave. But, if Dr. Vaughan could have at once given a general survey and rivalled men of genius or special learning in his treatment of subordinate points, he would have been a marvel, which is exactly what he is not. He takes a sensible view of the Britons, the Norse legends, and the Normans; and, if the reader wants anything more than a sensible view, he must go elsewhere.

It is one of the drawbacks to a general survey of history that narrative must be introduced, or the survey will be too sketchy and thin, and yet the narrative is necessarily so compressed that it reads like a mere abridgment of history. Dr. Vaughan shows great judgment in the amount of narrative he introduces. He gives us as little as possible, but he is obliged to give a considerable quantity; and we must own that his narrative is not entertaining. Perhaps if it were, it would be more untrue than it is; for a short compressed narrative can only be made entertaining by an arrangement and mode of expression that must be more or less artificial. But certainly we do not find anything in Dr. Vaughan's account of Alfred, of Becket, or Wycliff that stamps itself on the memory. It is in giving summaries of great masses of fact that Dr. Vaughan chiefly excels; and, perhaps, it is because there is so little narrative to introduce that the account given in this volume of Britain under the Romans is, in our judgment, the most successful part. We are not aware that there is to be found elsewhere any account of Roman Britain approaching this for clearness and fulness. It shows great antiquarian knowledge, and yet is free from the technical minuteness which makes the works of professed antiquaries so hopeless. There is also another part of the volume which strikes us as equally good, and in the manner of putting accepted facts, equally new. This is the part which describes the introduction of the Norman polity into England. It is true that here, as elsewhere, we soon come to the limits of what Dr. Vaughan thinks proper to enter on. He so very nearly gives us a complete sketch of the Norman system and theory of government and civil administration, that we are almost surprised he stops just short of fully describing what was certainly one of the most marked features of the change brought by the Normans into England. But so far as we are aware, what Dr. Vaughan says, though limited, is right. We shall watch with interest how he deals with the two later *Revolutions* he has set himself to describe. His task will be harder there than it has been in the first period, for he will unavoidably have to criticise the characters and actions of individuals more than he has done, and the best of sterling sense is apt to prove insufficient when an author sets himself to estimate the intentions, the possibilities, and the failures of men belonging to an age very different from his own.

WARD'S NAVAL TACTICS.*

WE have read this American manual of naval tactics with much interest, and we believe it may be regarded as one among many proofs that in every respect, except that not unimportant one of numerical force, the navy of the United States preserves a high standard of efficiency. Amid the gloomy forebodings which are suggested by the present inadequacy of the British navy for the duties it may possibly be called upon to discharge, some ray of comfort may perhaps be derived from observing the absolute nakedness of the American shores, and the undisturbed coolness with which the officers whose duty it is to protect them regard this total want of preparation. The Americans of the seaboard are, like ourselves, a naval people, and they are also wealthy, brave, and energetic. Upon these qualities they appear to rely for safety, although at this moment we believe they do not possess a single screw line-of-battle ship, nor are

* *A Manual of Naval Tactics*. Together with a brief Critical Analysis of the Principal Modern Naval Battles. By James H. Ward, Commander U.S.N., Author of "Ordnance and Gunnery" and "Steam for the Million." New York and London: D. Appleton and Co. 1859.

they, so far as we can discover, in any hurry to construct one. It is true that they are much further removed than we are from powerful and restless neighbours; and it may be hoped that the most formidable adversary they could have—we mean this country—will not soon be compelled to offer to them any but a friendly rivalry in marine architecture and naval tactics. Yet certainly the spectacle is very surprising of a great maritime people which has not, and does not appear desirous to have, a fleet. We should suppose that a year is the very shortest time in which a line-of-battle ship could be built and fitted for sea. The richest country in the world, too, could turn out but a few ships within the year, and if hastily constructed they would certainly be expensive and unsound. It is thought, besides, that wars in future are likely to be short and sharp. Modern appliances ought to enable a Power which is well prepared to deal very damaging blows in the first year; and even when the United States had built their ships, time must be allowed to train the crews, or else the exploits of their infant navy against this country in the last war would be an example which their officers would strive in vain to imitate. However, confidence in maritime aptitude and in the destinies of the Union appears likely, for a long time to come, to supply, as well as it can, the place of costly experiments in ship-building.

All Englishmen will read with pleasure Commander Ward's exposition of the tactics by which, in former times, the naval triumphs of this country have been achieved. He has studied to good purpose the history of the European wars, and probably would adopt our own conclusion that, since the great days of the Dutch Republic ended, the British people have not found in the Old World their equals in naval skill. It remains, however, to be proved whether that quality may still be counted on to secure victory on the sea. We read in the book before us that "even if fleets ever become composed wholly of steamers"—as in his own country the author thinks they will not soon—"derangement of machinery, or want of fuel, will in many, perhaps in most, instances give to such fleets practically a mixed character—that is, render some dependent on sails alone, and therefore cause the whole to adhere to the sailing order of battle." And hence he derives the conclusion, in which we entirely agree with him, that "it is not proper or safe to drop the study of sailing tactics, and to regard them as obsolete. The day on which they can be so considered with propriety may still be distant." When that day comes, if it ever does—but not before—we shall begin to regard a fleet of steamers manned by landsmen with much greater apprehension than we now feel.

Considering the handsome manner in which the British navy is treated by Commander Ward, it is perhaps uncourteous to criticise with any strictness the pages which he devotes to glorifying the service of which he is himself an ornament. Yet, as we were reading the book, we had an uncomfortable suspicion that our author was building up the praises of the Stars and Stripes in true Homeric style. How great, how very great, is Hector on the plains of Troy, until Achilles arms and forces him to ignominious flight! Even so we felt that the fame of the navy which boasts of Hood and Nelson must, before we closed the volume, grow dim under the brighter lustre of the glories of Perry and McDonough. "The Britishers whip creation, and we whip the Britishers," is the conviction probably of every American citizen. And there has been so much bombastic nonsense written about the performances of the British navy, that we are neither surprised nor disturbed to find Commander Ward rising out of the cold domain of fact when he comes to illustrating his tactical doctrines from the exploits of the youthful navy of the United States. After all, if he thinks it a very great thing to have gained a very small success over a British force, he is furnishing the best possible measure of the height to which, after twenty years of war with France and her allies, this country had raised her naval glory. But as we happen to have at hand Mr. James's dry matter-of-fact details of the same exploits which inspire Commander Ward with so much enthusiasm, it really is not in human nature to deny oneself a comparison of the two narratives. We should observe that it was the original American accounts of these very actions which provoked Mr. James to undertake his laborious and impartial work. On the other side of the ocean, many of the same events have been treated by the novelist Cooper in a manner highly agreeable to all readers who do not happen to belong to the country whose defeats he professes to commemorate. In point of style, it must be owned that Cooper possesses almost all that James lacks, and the truth is, that histories which give minute particulars of naval battles are almost without exception tedious; and it is far easier and more agreeable both to author and reader to keep to loose glorification of one's own country, such as, "the British arms were everywhere victorious"—as they were when the Georges reigned and Smollett wrote history.

It is admitted by Commander Ward, when he introduces to us "Perry's Victory, Lake Erie, 1813," that the squadron which gained this victory was small as compared with the fleets which fought in the great battles which he has before described. But then he tells us that "the high professional qualities displayed by the commanders, the incidents of the engagement, its decisive results, and the consequences, both military and political, which followed, render it memorable." Now, really, we do not desire to be uncivil, but we cannot help suggesting that a storm in a tea-cup is a very fair parallel to this important victory upon

Lake Erie. In the first place, Lake Erie is not the sea; and next, the victorious squadron, which Commander Ward allows was small, consisted actually of seven vessels mounting in all fifty-four guns. We fully believe that Commodore Perry was a good officer; but as for studying his tactics, one might as well seek for instructive lessons for a campaign in the movements of a corporal's guard of infantry. And then, as to the consequences, military and political, we fear that history takes very slight note of them. Mr. James certainly notices one consequence—that "Uncle George" had a very severe bill to pay for stores expended by the defeated British. "Every round shot cost one shilling a pound for the carriage from Quebec to Lake Erie. Powder was ten times as dear as at home; and as for anchors, their weight in silver would be scarcely an over-estimate." Here is a picture of the horrors of war which should not be left unimproved by Mr. Bright. Only think of a vessel, armed chiefly with 24-pound carronades, firing at an opponent who kept just beyond their range, and steadily pegged away with one or two long guns. "There goes 17. 4s., and all for nothing." The thought was enough to unnerve the champions of a commercial nation, and may have contributed as much as Commodore Perry's "most masterly combination" to decide the day. Only think of rational men painfully dragging cannon balls all the way to the shores of Lake Erie, instead of agreeing to meet and fight somewhere near to an iron mine and a foundry. But then Mr. James says that the Americans were much better off—they were "completely at home" as to resources—an important consideration as regards all the fighting on the Canadian frontier, which nobody need expect to find adverted to by Commander Ward. It is also a just ground of complaint against him that he omits to mention that the American flag-ship struck her colours after Commodore Perry had quitted her for another vessel—a fact which is stated in the Commodore's own despatch. And again, we hear not a word from Commander Ward about the comparative force of the contending squadrons, but it is something that he does not venture to claim for his countrymen a victory over a superior force. Mr. James states that the British had sixty-three guns and the Americans fifty-four; but as the latter had more pivot guns than their opponents, he makes the broadside force on either side the same numerically—viz. thirty-four guns—while the weight of metal was, British 459lbs., and American 928lbs. These figures appear to us more relevant to the issue than "the cool yet eager gallantry," "the characteristic energy," and "the consummate judgment and celerity" of Commodore Perry. Of this, at least, we are quite certain—that if Captain Barclay, at the head of a squadron equal to his opponent's, had won the day, no British historian would have troubled himself to expound, for the edification of posterity, how a force not much exceeding that of a single heavy frigate managed to combine all the movements of several celebrated sea-fights in performing a very creditable day's work. The real truth was, that at so great a distance from their resources the British could only equip and arm their vessels very imperfectly, and that, except fifty sailors, the crews consisted of Canadian peasants and soldiers; while the Americans drew their supplies easily from a moderate distance, and had taken care to send to the scene of action a body of their best officers and sailors from the Atlantic ports. Captain Barclay was too good an officer not to know the imperfections of his own force, and he only fought because, threatened as he was by famine and Indian disaffection, a battle appeared to be the least of evils. It may or may not be that Commodore Perry's tactics contributed largely to his success. Of all the manoeuvres that we have heard of, by far the most effective, when it can be practised, is that of employing sailors against landsmen on the water, and giving to the former, in aid of their superior skill, better equipped and more heavily armed vessels. Commodore Perry had the good luck to be able to include this among his tactical expedients; but we do not find any mention of it in the work of Commander Ward.

In the next year, 1814, "the battle of Lake Champlain" furnishes our author with an example of how his own countrymen avoided the errors by which the French lost the battle of the Nile. Of course no American can understand why the transition from one to the other of these "battles" should appear in the least degree ludicrous. We are informed that the American frontier was in serious danger, as it really would have been but for the imbecility of the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and that the defence rested chiefly with the American navy, which proved itself "eminently equal" to the task. To attain to "eminence" is, we fear, impossible for the officers of a country like our own, where words are still generally used with some regard to their proper meaning. The task, however, was in truth one to which a British squadron might have contrived to prove itself equal, although not of course "eminently" equal, like that of Commodore McDonough. It was arranged that the British naval force should attack that of the United States, while the powerful British army should at the same moment storm the works of Plattsburg and turn the guns upon the American ships lying at anchor in the bay. If the British Commander-in-Chief had not been present to mar every thing by his feebleness, one-third of the army which he commanded could have executed the necessary service without the smallest difficulty, and then, between guns on shore and guns afloat, the American squadron must have been destroyed. But the British Commodore Downie had not the least intention of attacking the American ships without the promised co-operation. He was inferior in force, and

far more inferior in the quality of his ships and crews, and he knew enough of his profession to have declined risking defeat and death without that expectation of assistance from a numerous and well-equipped army which was doomed to be so miserably disappointed. By the incompetency of Sir George Prevost, the campaign of 1814 on the Canadian frontier became a disgraceful failure. The veterans of the Spanish war had crossed the Atlantic to no purpose. Of course the Americans are entitled to boast loudly of their success in baffling, as they did, what seemed a formidable invasion. But when we are invited to admire the genius of Commodore McDonough, we feel that we must rather applaud his luck. If an American rifleman could have put a bullet through the head of the British general, Sir George Prevost, on the day before "the battle of Lake Champlain," he would have done this country a vast service, and deprived Commodore McDonough of any field to display his skill and prowess. In this campaign it was just as in the War of Independence. The American leaders were not the great captains that their historians represent, but simply they did not show the gross incompetency of their opponents.

We will now refer to Mr. James for a few particulars of this action on Lake Champlain, which form an amusing contrast to the magnificent generalities of Commander Ward. The largest ship in the British squadron, the *Confiance*, was still unfinished on the day before the battle, and went into action with many important deficiencies in her fittings. Her crew were, it is true, mostly seamen, but they had been collected from ten or more different ships, and were of course those whose presence was least desired by their former captains. Previous to the battle they had never acted together for a single day. The crews of the other three British vessels were more than half regular soldiers and Canadian militia, and, on board of ten gun-boats, out of 294 men only 30 were British sailors. On the other hand, the whole of the crews of the American ships, except about one-twelfth part, who were soldiers, were seamen from ships of war laid up in the Atlantic ports. It must be remembered that the Americans, like ourselves, love publicity, and all these details were collected from day to day by Mr. James as they appeared in the newspapers of the United States. We are far from charging Commander Ward with any intentional misrepresentation. He has simply adopted, without examination, statements which were grateful to his patriotic soul. The same thing is done much too frequently in England. Still, when he pretends to compare this affair on Lake Champlain with the battle of the Nile, he leaves the inference to be drawn by his admiring countrymen that the British who were defeated on Lake Champlain were of the same quality, both in men and ships, as the British who conquered at the Nile; and this, we say, is a mistake. And now a word as to the forces which fought this so-called "battle." Mr. James, as usual, states the calibre and make of every gun in either squadron, and he comes to the conclusion that the British wanted a full third of being as strong as the Americans. But then he has excluded from the account half of the ten British gun-boats, on the ground that "they withdrew themselves from the action," as found by the sentence of a court-martial. This exclusion is, perhaps, scarcely fair, and therefore we shall content ourselves with saying that, in number and weight of guns, number of men and tonnage, the British inferiority to the Americans is placed beyond the possibility of dispute.

And now let us relieve the tediousness of these details with a few of the flowers of rhetoric which have been twined in honour of Commodore McDonough. "His heroic courage whilst contending against vast odds, and his unshaken fortitude, never surpassed, were not more conspicuous than his modesty." We think that so long as American naval history is written by Commander Ward, its officers cannot do better than imitate the modesty as well as the valour of the illustrious Commodore. Let them wield the sword, and leave the pen to be managed by our author. This trumpet-blast about "vast odds" we really cannot call by any other name than a stupendous piece of impudence. We should not blame Commander Ward for never having read or heeded the careful statements of Mr. James, but he actually forgets the very figures which he is himself going to print six pages farther on. He tells us that it will be fair to regard the vans of the two squadrons as forming a separate battle, and therefore he will compare their forces separately. Now let us take the Commander's favourite parallel of the battle of the Nile, and suppose that the French were to compare the force of about half their fleet with that of the whole British fleet, because Nelson managed to attack their van and centre, and throw their rear out of action. It would be quite fair, on our author's principle, for the French to say that they were overwhelmed by "vast odds;" and yet Commander Ward, in describing the battle of the Nile, can do justice both to French and English. However, let us take his own comparison of the vans of the two squadrons, and see what it leads to. He thus gets two American against three British vessels, but he leaves entirely out of view the American gun-boats, of which at least five must have taken part in this encounter of the two vans. However, the figures which he gets are—Americans, 46 guns and 362 men, against British, 64 guns and 465 men. But how about the weight of metal? Taking the calibres of the guns which he gives, we get Americans 1276lbs. against British, 1292lbs., so that, comparing the forces of the two squadrons in the manner most favourable to the Americans, the result is almost exact equality. Still the tactician is

not to be balked of his opportunity for instructive teaching, and so he explains the dispositions which Commodore McDonough made "to countervail the very great disparity of force." Commodore Downie tried to come to close quarters—really because his men were inefficient gunners, but, according to our author, because of his "much larger crew." Now the British flag-ship had on board 270 men, and the Americans at least three hundred. The *Confiance*, which Americans delight to call a "frigate," is said by Commander Ward to have "almost annihilated" the *Saratoga* by her first fire. But this very *Saratoga* afterwards had much to do with compelling the *Confiance* to strike. Really we hope that the Americans will lay down a screw three-decker of the largest size, and call her *The Kilkenny Cat*, in honour of this memorable exploit. Perhaps the whole American nation has got a way of fighting best after being "almost annihilated" at the beginning of a war; and this may be the true reason why they do not trouble themselves to prepare for possible eventualities. But there was another hero besides the Commodore upon Lake Champlain, who deserves to be remembered by the American navy "so long as history shall endure." This was Captain Cassin, who defended the *Ticonderoga* against the British gun-boats. "To carry her by a fire poured into her stern, or to board her over the taffrail, were both most perseveringly attempted, and as gallantly, heroically, persistently, and successfully resisted." It is perhaps hard measure upon a sailor-author to remark that upon the true construction of this sentence the defence was as successful as the attack. But what does Mr. James tell us of this noble episode in the battle of Lake Champlain? Why, simply that seven out of the ten British gun-boats "ran away," and it was proved before a court-martial that they did so. "Cassin is said to have been in the action a perfect rock of firmness, and a miracle of coolness," and Commander Ward is "lost in amazement at the oblivion into which his memory has fallen." Now, we wish to speak with all respect of Captain Cassin, who probably on this and all other occasions did his duty like a brave seaman, and if his countrymen have not persevered in making a first-rate hero of him for his share in the Lake Champlain victory, we think that they have shown more good sense than in such matters we gave them credit for. Let it suffice that the Americans defeated the British on Lake Champlain, and that the event had important consequences; but if naval officers teach their brethren to confound raw militiamen with British sailors, they are doing more mischief than the best tactical lessons can countervail.

THE SKETCH-BOOK OF WILARS DE HONECORT.*

THE Cambridge Jacksonian Professor has long ago established his reputation as one of the most acute architectural critics and most accomplished architectural archaeologists of the time. It has been said of him that he could as easily reconstruct a building from a few of its ruined fragments as Professor Owen can determine the species of some extinct animal from a few of its vertebrae. And for deciphering an architectural document, or for explaining a constructional puzzle of the medieval builders, Professor Willis has long been acknowledged to have no peer. The latest work that he has undertaken is one peculiarly suited to his special gifts and acquirements, and his signal success in it amply justifies any anticipations which his friends may have formed as to his fitness for the task.

In the Imperial Library at Paris, among the collection of manuscripts taken from the famous Benedictine Abbey of St. Germain des Près, there is a rude volume, made up of some sheets of inferior vellum, stitched into a discoloured pig-skin cover like a large pocket-book. Some of its leaves have disappeared altogether, and the original order has been displaced in the present binding. This book is full of drawings, with some illustrative verbal descriptions added afterwards. The drawings seem to have been first outlined with a lead or silver point, and afterwards inked in by hand. As for their subjects, there are figures of men and animals, architectural ground-plans and designs, and sketches of masonry and carpentry, and practical geometry and machines. There is no doubt as to the author of the volume. On the second page there is an inscription in the Picard dialect of the thirteenth century, and in the running hand of that period, to the following effect:—"Wilars de Honecort salutes you, and implores all who labour at the different kinds of work contained in this book to pray for his soul and hold him in remembrance. For in this book may be found good help to the knowledge of the great powers of masonry and of devices in carpentry. It also shows the power of the art of delineation, the outlines being regulated and taught in accordance with geometry."

Honecort is a village on the Scheldt, five leagues south of Cambray; and that Wilars was a Cambraisian is confirmed not only by the form of his surname, but by the fact that among his architectural drawings we find ground-plans of the choir of

* Facsimile of the Sketch-book of Wilars de Honecort, an Architect of the Thirteenth Century. With Commentaries and Descriptions by M. J. B. A. Lassus, late Architect of Notre Dame and of the Sainte-Chapelle at Paris, &c., and by M. J. Quicherat, Professor of Archaeology at the École des Chartes at Paris. Translated and Edited, with many additional Articles and Notes, by the Rev. Robert Willis, M.A., F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Legion of Honour, &c. &c. London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1859.

Cambray (of which he seems to have been the designer) and the church of Vaucelles, an abbey close to his native village. This curious manuscript seems first to have been examined by MM. Willemain and Pottier, who borrow from it some costumes in their *Monumens Français Inédits*. But M. Jules Quicherat, Professor of Archaeology in the Ecole des Chartes, brought it into more general notice by a spirited essay published in 1849. In 1851, Professor Willis obtained leave to make tracings from some of the plates in the original manuscript in the Bibliothèque Impériale; but he suspended the publication of his Notes, having understood that M. Lassus, the eminent mediæval architect who had been charged with the restoration of Notre Dame of Paris and the Sainte Chapelle, had meanwhile undertaken to prepare a facsimile of the whole book, with an illustrated commentary. The premature death of M. Lassus in 1857 left this task unfulfilled. But the work was completed by M. Alfred Darcel, in the following year, and the appearance of this French edition created much interest in antiquarian circles. We have now to thank Professor Willis for an English translation of the whole, which is enriched by numerous substitutions, additions, and corrections of his own. His conscientious care in ascribing by initials to its proper owner every remark or inference of the former editors of Wilars' book, enables us to see at a glance how far MM. Lassus and Darcel improved upon M. Quicherat, and how much he himself has advanced beyond all his predecessors.

Professor Willis decides that the volume, which the French editors have called an album, is "a veritable sketch-book," in which the drawings were inserted from time to time by its original possessor—some of them even upside down—and not a formal collection made up and re-arranged in after life. But he admits that the inscriptions, which were evidently inserted at a later period, were added for the information of those into whose hands the volume might fall after its author's decease. Adopting his conclusions, we have before us in this singular manuscript the actual working sketch-book of a Picard architect of the thirteenth century—about the best period and the best district for the early French Pointed style; and we may reasonably expect to arrive, from a close examination of its contents, at some valuable information as to the then state of the art, and at some curious grounds of comparison with the practice of the architects of our own day.

Perhaps the most surprising thing, to any one who knows what was the beauty of the sculpture, and painting, and architecture of the thirteenth century in the north of France, is the rudeness and imperfection of the contemporary art of delineation as exemplified in Wilars' Sketchbook. There is not a straight ruled line, nor a well drawn curve, from first to last. It is not easy to explain how so great a discrepancy could possibly exist between the finished works and the first sketches. But it must be remembered that architectural drawing, as we now understand it, is a comparatively recent art. We all know how unsatisfactory and inaccurate, for the most part, have been all delineations of existing buildings until quite lately. The fact is, that for pure architectural drawing very little artistic skill is required. It is to a great extent a matter of rule and measurement, and depends more upon the perfection of the mechanical instruments employed than upon anything else. It is certain, however, that the more perfect sketching powers of our day have not been accompanied by greater architectural invention or ability. Perhaps, indeed, our mechanical facilities of copying existing buildings have been partly to blame for the want of originality and vigour in modern works which everyone deplures. Professor Willis points out that those who drew no better than Wilars could never transfer a building or a detail to their sketchbook so completely as to admit of its being exactly reproduced as their own work when its effect upon their eyes had been forgotten. The copyism of our day was impossible to the old architects. Not only for the minor details of a design, but for its exact proportions, they were dependent upon their memories. As a consequence of this, they seem to have modified unconsciously in practice all the combinations which they were imitating. They were obliged to draw upon their own experience and resources. They could borrow thoughts, indeed, from other sources, but the expression of those thoughts was necessarily their own. And hence, perhaps, the freshness and individuality of most good mediæval workmanship. This, too, may perhaps explain in some measure the almost imperceptible transitions of the Pointed styles, as exhibited in mouldings and other details. An architect, or perhaps a workman, in working out any idea, would naturally clothe it, almost unconsciously, in the popular form of the day. Anachronism was impossible when the living genius of a style assimilated into its own proper type whatever it borrowed from any quarter.

M. Lassus makes an important remark in connexion with ancient draughtsmanship, while discoursing upon a most singular delineation by Wilars of "the sepulchre of a Saracen." The drawing, in fact, resembles more closely than anything else a Consular diptych, but the forms are strangely mediævalized. The French editor observes that the faithful rendering of style in drawing is a quality quite modern, and that before our own countryman, Strutt, published, in 1789, his *Antiquities of England*, with its archaic illustrations, "no antiquarian had ever thought of attempting more than an approximate representation of the form of the monuments he was studying." He adds, "but the drawings always possessed the character which prevailed at the time when the artist lived; and we, who look upon ourselves as

being so scrupulous in this respect, may perhaps hereafter be accused of the same fault in a lesser degree. Our architect of the thirteenth century was not more to blame in giving so mediæval a character to a monument of antiquity, than Montfaucon, Gori, and so many others were in presenting to the public representations of Greek, Egyptian, Byzantine, Roman, or Frankish figures, with the air and attitudes of the time of Louis XIV."

The next remark suggested by a review of the contents of this Sketchbook is that our mediæval architect had no thought of confining his studies to his own immediate department of art. We find almost as many figure subjects, intended for sculpture, or painting, or stained glass, as pure architectural drawings. Nor are all these sacred. Besides the sketches—some of them surprisingly vigorous and artistic—for groups of our Lord or his apostles, or other saints, Wilars drew secular figures—warriors and cavaliers, gamblers and wrestlers, minstrels and ladies; and having (as we may suppose) fallen in with a travelling menagerie, he sketched every rare bird or beast that it contained. Besides which, there are horses, pigs, and sheep, snails, grasshoppers, and dragon-flies. Nor was he less at home in civil and military engineering. One of the most distinguished architectural writers of our own day is equally famous for his skill in fortification; and our Picard architect provides a careful design for a *trebuchet*—that powerful projectile machine which continued in use long after the introduction of gunpowder. We must add that the Cambridge Professor, in spite of his sacred calling, throws himself, we fancy with special gusto, into the description of this warlike engine. As we are never tired of insisting that our modern architects are ill-advised in confining their practice exclusively to the details of their own profession, it is with especial pleasure that we observe this additional proof that our thirteenth-century architect did not think any form of art below his notice. And, what is perhaps still more important, his sketches demonstrate that he studied the human figure from the life. They prove also that he studied and drew from the antique. His birds and beasts were drawn from nature; and sometimes, as in the case of a lion, he expressly tells us so, in his quaint way. *Et sachiez bien quil fu contrefais al vif*—"and take notice that it was drawn from the life." If his anatomy of the human subject was defective, it was not for want of careful study from the living model. Nothing, indeed, can be more curious than his working out, in a stiff mediæval conventional way, of the anatomical details of his models. Then, again, one of his plates is a purely classical figure—a Greek clothed in a chlamys; and another is a study of a Roman tomb with a more than half-nude figure. Professor Willis thinks that it was for the sake of the drapery that these antiques were copied.

With exceeding ingenuity the successive editors of this mediæval sketchbook have contrived to extract from the internal evidence afforded by it not a few particulars of the life of its author. The drawings prove that he travelled through France and Germany. At Laon he sketched one of the towers. "I have been in many places," he says, "as you may see by this book, but in no place have I seen a tower equal to that of Laon." Those who know Laon will agree with his criticism. Then he stayed for some time at Rheims, making sketches for his own use in rebuilding the choir of Cambray. There are sketches, too, from Meaux and Chartres and Lausanne; and he himself informs us that he went on a professional errand into Hungary. The choir of Cambray was destroyed at the Revolution; but in 1824, when its site was levelled, an exact ground-plan was made; and with this Wilars' plan exactly coincides. This fixes his date; for it is known, by documentary evidence, that the *choeur* of Cambray was built between 1230 and 1250. Then again, M. Quicherat contrives to fix the date of the journey to Hungary—where Wilars remained "maint jor—many a day"—to 1244. King Bela, brother of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, having expelled the Tartar invaders in 1242, rebuilt Gran; and it is highly probable that Wilars was the architect employed. M. Lassus tried, without much success, to find traces of French work in Hungary. At Gran no mediæval work remains; but at Kaschau, the church of St. Elizabeth has an arrangement of its east end which may without improbability be connected with the visit of our Picard architect.

It would be impossible without illustrations or diagrams to give any satisfactory description of the details of this book. Nothing can be more curious to the architectural student than to compare with the rude sketches of Wilars de Honecourt the finished modern engravings (generally by M. Viollet Le Duc) of the same originals. In the present sumptuous edition there is a lavish profusion of illustrations, especially where, as in the cases of Cambrai, Rheims, Laon, and Chartres, Professor Willis is able to bring his great knowledge of comparative architecture to bear upon the elucidation of his author's drawings. He seems equally, if not more, in his element in interpreting the rude outlines of machinery which occupy many pages of the Sketchbook. Here we observe that he has often succeeded in explaining obscurities which MM. Quicherat and Lassus abandoned as hopeless; and in many cases, not without some sly humour, the Professor supercedes the French disquisitions altogether, and substitutes some lucid explanation of his own.

The nomenclature of Gothic architecture is not much amplified by this volume. Indeed, Professor Willis remarks in one place that it is evident from the poverty of terms used by Wilars in his description of a letter, that the mediæval workmen made many things for which they had no names. However, the inci-

dental mention of arches "of the third point" and "of the fifth point" gives occasion to the Cambridge editor, in his very happiest vein, to recover the practical mediæval system of describing technically the exact curve of a pointed arch. Most of the machines recorded by Wilars are more curious, as showing the antiquity of many methods now in use, than novel. But one "lewis" is described "of a form hitherto unknown, and very simple." Some of the devices here given are mere tricks. Such is the well-known Tantalus cup, Plate XVI.; and elsewhere there is a method for making the eagle of the gospel letter turn its head to the deacon reading. Finally, we remark that Wilars devotes some of his pages to the exhibition of a method of drawing the human figure, and the figures of various animals, by a geometrical system of proportion. This is a theory by no means exploded in our own day, and its ingenious modern defenders are entitled to boast of this proof that such a method of design was known in the thirteenth century. But we confess that we view it, in the case of Wilars as well as of his later followers, as nothing more than an ingenious experiment. The geometrically designed figures are for the most part very fantastic; and every one must observe that in Wilars' own sketches from life the system is altogether abandoned.

A more curious book than this, and one more perfectly edited, or more beautifully printed and illustrated, has not appeared for many a day.

THE NEW WORLD IN 1859.*

THOUGH the author of this volume affects to write as a foreign visitor to the United States, the style of the native American is too distinctly marked to be capable of effectual disguise. The voice is the voice of Jacob, while not even the hands are the hands of Esau. The allusions to English places smack of the Gazetteer, while those which refer to American localities are evidently the result of personal familiarity. In the same way, the incidental comparison of the manners, social customs, and institutions of the two countries in which the writer indulges, is characterized by an assumption of superiority and of compassion for the prejudice, arrogance, and withering conventionalities of the "Britishers," more covert, but not for that reason less evident, than the display of the same qualities in the conversation of Mr. Jefferson Brick and the great Elijah Pogram. To take a crucial instance of a different kind—no Englishman would speak of "The Hon. Mr. Baxter, M.P. for Dundas." The title conferred upon that gentleman is to be explained by the supposition that the author unconsciously transfers the usages of the States, where every member of Congress is in designation "honourable," to English members of Parliament. We do not infer the writer's American birth from his republican assaults on the Queen's English; for Royal speeches themselves, posterior even to the Emperor Sigismund, appear sometimes to have been constructed on that potentate's principle—*Rex sum et super grammaticam*. Bad grammar is the distinction of no country or class. But, though correct speech is one, erroneous speech is multiform, and the particular mode of departure from the received *jus et norma loquendi* bewrays the nation or province of the offender. The language of the illiterate Yankee and that of the illiterate Englishman are as little alike as the dialects of Somerset and Yorkshire, or as two of the cardinal vices; but it is impossible to say which is the worse. The attempt to give the present volume the aspect of an English publication by the prominence given on the title-page to London as the place of issue, and the parade of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin agencies, is defeated by the appearance (less conspicuously) of the New York printers' names, and the announcement "Entered according to Act of Congress" on the reverse. The motive of this *charlatanerie* is not very obscure. When the legitimate attractions of Mrs. Jarley's wax-work began to fail of their due effect, and the public consequently "required stimulating," two of that lady's satellites "constantly passed in and out of the exhibition-room, under various disguises, protesting aloud that the sight was better worth the money than anything they had beheld in all their lives, and urging the bystanders, with tears in their eyes, not to neglect such a brilliant gratification." The object of the volume before us seems to be to ensnare emigrants to America, and travellers to hotels, by the impartial testimony of a foreign witness. The author may only be a bungling and unscrupulous book-maker; but the presumptive evidence favours the opinion of his connexion with some emigration company or land agency, or of his pecuniary interest in the "public" line.

His avowed design is, of course, to supply an obvious void in literature. "No work having been published on America recently, it occurred to the author that recent information," which should combine the double excellence of being "got up in a style practically useful as well as instructive, might be acceptable at the present time." With that modesty, however, which is the general attendant of real merit, "he felt that any words of his own would fall short of doing that (*sic*) justice to the subjects and places which he was desirous of noticing;" and he therefore besought the aid of the photographer whose illustrations even British envy cannot deny to be in many respects worthy of the text. The first three parts of the volume, which describe the scenery and cities of the United States and Upper and Lower Canada, are scarcely inferior to some English Guide-books which

we have seen. The fifth part, on emigration, land and agriculture, is an extended invitation of English industry and capital to the Edens of the New World. We confess, however, to have studied with most interest the fourth part, which, under the title of "Things as they are in 1859," has for its main object to portray "the every-day life of the Americans." Passing over the notice of "Hoe and Co's Leviathan Printing Machine," with which it appropriately opens, we come to "Hotels in America," which are described as sometimes "resembling a warehouse in London or Manchester (Eng.); at other times rivalling in external splendour that of Buckingham Palace." The resemblance to the warehouse of Buckingham Palace extends still further, for "the meals—all previously prepared and brought up"—"may be said to be 'royal,' in the fullest sense of that word." It is true that—

The fastidious Englishman—when he enters a hotel on the American plan for the first time—may turn up his nose at some things which he sees, simply owing to the difference of system adopted here. If he has been a commercial traveller, for instance, who as an old stager on some favorite ground in Britain, and as well known as the village clock at every crack house all along his route—where the chambermaid will be sure to put him into the best bedroom—where the boots will be likely to break his neck, and his back, too, in assisting on his arrival—while the oily waiter, with crimson countenance in white choker so clean, stands rubbing his hands, with a towel under his left arm-pit; and the sleek and well-lined host approaches to shake the arrival by the fist—such a gentleman will find a mighty difference in an American hotel.

The inability to gratify oneself at American hotels by breaking the boots' neck and back, and the absence of the waiter, with his face in a white choker, engaged in the difficult task of rubbing his hands with a white towel under his left arm-pit, will be felt by every English traveller to be serious drawbacks upon the convenience of those institutions. They have, however, their compensations; for "if you happen to have got an engagement in a store, you will meet your employer here at table, and he will meet you in a very different spirit, and with very different feelings, from what some 'old governor' you once had would have met you at the dinner-table—if he had ever met you there at all." Moreover, "suites of private apartments, with bath-rooms and every modern convenience, can be engaged, fitted-up in regal magnificence, either in the exclusively European, or semi-American and semi-European plan, with the best attendance, carriages, horses, and everything which is generally attached to first-class houses;" so that, as we are gratified to learn, "if the Queen of the United Kingdom should visit these shores, neither Her Majesty nor guardians need fear the want of queenly accommodation, even in the every-day life of a first-class American hotel." As to the hotels on the mixed system, "they are conducted in every other respect same as an exclusively American hotel, save in the serving of meals. It is in having a coffee-room—and meals supplied at separate tables there, or in private apartments—in what the difference consists." Passing from hotels to "Banks and Banking," the author's moral sense leads him to denounce the Ohio Life and Trust Company, as "the concern which sounded the first key-note of distrust, suffering, and want of confidence, which has spread all over the world, and which is even now far from having recovered from it." The "key-note," which "has spread all over the world," and "which is even now far from having recovered from it," is rather puzzling. The author's use of the relative pronoun a little resembles Mrs. Gamp's employment of that part of speech. To hold the balance fair between the Old World and the New, we are reminded that "wild-cats" exist among English bankers—"a fraternity, by the way, which is popularly believed to exist somewhere in the region of the seventh heaven of honour, morality, and infallibility, but, as recent events have proved, its members are only mortal after all, and who are as liable to err, morally as well as criminally, as the young and rising merchant." We must pass over certain circumstances by which "the whimsicalities of banking and confidence in certain bank-notes was curiously illustrated last July," and which, perhaps, may be traced to the fact that in "America it is in banking as in government, thorough republican, all upon one footing." As little can we dwell on the curious fact that, in America, "the great factotum of the auction-room is the auctioneer," who always belongs—at least, in the principal cities of the Union—to "the same *genus homo*," and who, with his *confrères*, is too often "trying to decoy such as you into their trap." To turn to another subject—"the undoubted temperance" of the Americans, which the author philosophically accounts for by their "detestation" of drunkenness, "and the care they exercise against indulging in it," is illustrated by the absence of any known instance in the United States, "such as that we once met with in Manchester, (Eng.), where the children of a family had never tasted water from the time they were born, always being supplied with 'beer' when thirsty," according to the common practice of "families in the manufacturing districts."

Mr. Dickens has expressed his opinion that the Americans are not a humorous people. The Railroad Conductor is a living refutation of the calumny. That in addition to "smart and gentlemanly" manners, and a "civil, obliging, and attentive" disposition, especially where ladies are concerned, he possesses a very agreeable wit, few, after reading the following description, will be hardy enough to dispute:—

On a summer's morning, you will find him enter the car, [of which we are elsewhere informed the "external appearance are exceedingly plain"], as he gives the word "all abroad," dressed as if newly out of a band-box, in a suit of white, or unbleached linen, from head to foot, hat and boots included. For a rollicking bit of fun he will enter the carriage, giving some well-known

* The New World in 1859. Being the United States and Canada, Illustrated and Described. London and New York: H. Balliere. 1859.

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passenger a "dig in the ribs," as he sings out his morning salutation of "How are you, old feller!" at the same time saying to the passenger, "I calculate you didn't see the calf we ketch upon the cow-ketcher." On the passenger professing his ignorance as to such an event having happened, but, being very desirous of being "posted" on the subject, is eager for all the information he can get—the conductor, in return, still bent on a bit of fun to start the day's business with, then relates in his own peculiar fashion—which it is hopeless for us to describe, and more particularly regarding all the incidents connected with the catching of the animal referred to, and the variations, exclamations, emendations, and additions with which he garnished up his wonderful story—suffice to say that the story was well told, and ended by the conductor completely "selling" his eager listener, when he told him, with a rich leer in the one eye, that the animal was on board, and he (the passenger) was the calf. With that, the conductor would bolt to the other end of the car, leaving the whole company in a roar of laughter at the unfortunate wight who was so eager to hear something of the marvellous, which Brother Jonathan is always ready to supply, when he can meet with a proper customer who will take it.

The readers of this passage will divide their admiration, no doubt, between the hero and the author of it. The felicity with which the narrator converts a general illustrative statement into a particular fact, and the ease with which he slides from the future to the present and thence to the past tense, and from the indicative to the subjunctive mood, is almost Herodotean in its simplicity. From "the sleeping cars on railroads" he passes by a sudden, but not, perhaps, unnatural transition to "the churches of America," and to an elaborate description of the summer and winter costume in which the ladies and gentlemen of the United States publicly worship their Creator. "Winter in America" gives the opportunity of describing the extraordinary spectacle of "a pretty little sleigh drawn by a couple of bay spanking beauties, driven, perhaps, by another in human form, with a lady companion at her side," whose occasional pitching up and down, and skilful use of the whip and ribbands, go ringing, rattling, and bounding along, the observed of all observers. In the section devoted to amusements and sports, the celebration of the 4th of July is described as "of a totally different character" from our Derby day, "being one of jubilee and rejoicing"—the Derby-day being, we must infer, a day of fasting and humiliation. With regard to domestic matters, "the interiors of the houses of the United States resemble, in many respects, the neat, clean, and tidy appearance of a well-regulated English house"—a result which is due in part to "the nervous energy of character" possessed by American ladies. "It is not in the nature of an American lady, no more than it is in an American gentleman, to do anything slow." The philosophy of the writer seems occasionally to be of that kind which substitutes effects for causes, as where he says of billiards, that "it is the great game of the German people, and hence its great enjoyment with them." His moral prudence and caution deserve to be noted. Even in his more enthusiastic and rhetorical moods he is careful to qualify his anticipation of brilliant destinies for each male item of American mortality by sober regard to less dazzling alternatives, and to chasten ambition by weighty moral truths. Thus—"Look into the face of every child you meet with from Maine to Florida, or from New York to San Francisco, for aught you know you may be gazing upon the President of the United States in embryo. To be sure, it may be only upon the future Governor of a single State. Be that as it may, the child is father of the man," &c. But enough of all this. The volume before us—which we need scarcely say has no value at all as a description of "the New World in 1859"—is of that class an idea of which can be conveyed to another mind only by such extracts as we have given. Such books are of a quality to do away with the necessity of comment. *Qualis homo talis oratio*, was one of the sayings of Erasmus. "A man's style," says a more modern writer, "is the most complete expression of his entire moral nature." If this be so, the author of the *New World in 1859* would form a curious subject of psychological study.

POPULAR BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.*

WRITERS on Natural History have no longer any occasion for apology or vindication of their favourite science. It has had in bygone times its martyrs and its confessors, but those days are passed away, and its professors are now the priests of a dominant sect whose altars and oratories are erected in nearly every British home. From the castle and hall, where the drawing-room and library tables are covered with books, outshining the most gorgeous illuminated missals and psalters of the "ages of faith," dedicated to Victoria Regia, or the exquisite rhododendrons of Sikkim, or some other exotic beauties—to the house of the country parson or village surgeon, where Harvey's *Sea-side Book* and Gosse's *Aquarium* rank in the family estimation next after the Bible and Shakspeare—the tokens of the prevailing worship are everywhere apparent. Here, as in more every-day matters, the economist's universal law holds good, and the supply follows the demand. Along with the old preachers who have worked through the time of opposition and indifference there are crowds of new converts, not yet masters of the catechism, but ready to undertake the office of teacher. It is of interest to the public, and to those who care for

Natural History, either as an object of scientific research or as a valuable element in intellectual and moral education, that some watch should be kept upon the mass of books that now appear in monthly, almost in weekly, batches—all of them likely to obtain some circulation, because of the prevailing appetite to which they minister. We have taken, somewhat at random, two books as samples of the very worst and of the best of their class, and interposed a third that may count as a very fair specimen of the average.

The only conceivable use of books upon Natural History is either to excite the desire to see the facts that Nature spreads around us, or to assist those who have already begun to do so. Other sciences rest upon the foundation of fact, and build upon that; but, in the pursuit of Natural History, fact and inference are so intertwined that without actual sight and touch not a single step can be made in advance. The teacher's business is to lead men to observe, and to help them to observe; and when he ceases to do this, he is useless or impertinent. A writer's excuse for producing a new book must either be that he has observed something not seen or not described before, or else that he has the power to depict, in a more lively and vivid way than others, familiar facts constantly passing before our eyes, not seen or not understood, yet full of weighty import, since they are manifestations of laws more complex and mysterious than those which hold the planets in their courses. Many may plead the first excuse—fewer are those who can assign the second—and a very small number unite both. Others there are who are equally deficient in both qualifications—who have neither the eye to observe nor the pen to describe, and yet think proper to cumber the booksellers' stalls with their unprofitable productions. Conspicuous in this class is Mr. David Ross, the author of *Stray Leaves of a Naturalist*.

Some one has truly remarked that it is never a man's mere deficiencies that render him troublesome or disagreeable, but the vanity which makes him perversely imagine that his gifts lie exactly in that direction where nature has done least for him. The proverbial reputation of a useful quadruped does not come of having a hoarse voice or a bad ear for music, but because the creature brays as if it thought the sound should satisfy all lovers of harmony. It was no way necessary that Mr. Ross, who appears from his book to be a Scotch clergyman, should be able to write upon Natural History; but he has thought proper to write himself down "A Naturalist," and he must be satisfied to let the public pronounce upon his qualifications.

Mr. Ross informs the public that his book was written during the intervals of severe study, and that it includes papers "loosely thrown together without any rigid or definite arrangement whatever." The metrical effusions with his initials cannot, he says, be expected to flow so easily as those of others—the reader will question whether his verses "flow" at all. "Analogies and reflections of a moral nature are continually attempted." Mr. Ross has "drawn upon many and varied sources of information," but the "reader will doubtless discover many faults and imperfections, which are inseparable from all human performances," &c. &c. Though the threat of metrical effusions and moral reflections ought to have put us on our guard, we turned over the *Stray Leaves* with the expectation of finding some of those interesting observations which are on every side within the reach of an Edinburgh naturalist; but in place of these we encountered some two hundred and forty pages of rhapsodical stuff, more trying to the patience of any rational man, woman, or child than anything we have tried to read for many a long day past. With a deep sense of the importance of his own proceedings, Mr. David Ross has penned a series of "Addresses" directed to various plants and other objects, including "the Sea," "Silence," and "the Moon"—eking out the volume with reflections and disquisitions of a similarly reasonable and matter-of-fact character. Here and there we come upon dry descriptions of plants, extracted from some standard botanical work, that seem as much in place amidst the surrounding strings of platitudes spun out into interminable sentences, as a column of the multiplication-table would be in a chapter of the Book of Mormon. With these rare exceptions, there is scarcely an assertion in the entire book that is not utterly incorrect, or mixed up with some blunder of the author's in such a way as to give an entirely false impression to an ignorant person. It would be to abuse the patience of the reader to give quotations from a writer who talks of star-fishes "like in shape to the stars of the firmament," and informs the moon that he wishes "not to be understood as going the length of bowing down to her," "as ancient heathens did," but that his "compliments have been paid to her for another purpose." The only excuse for saying so much of a book which is condemned to immediate obscurity is the conviction that some stringent measures ought to be used by the police authorities of literature and science to restrain ignorant pretenders from injuring the cause of popular education by publishing books that can merely irritate readers of common sense, and mislead the weaker and more ignorant.

Mr. Gosse's *Letters from Alabama* are marked by most of the qualities that have given popularity to former works by the same writer. He sees much, and sees accurately, and describes what he sees in simple and clear language. The present volume ought to obtain extensive circulation in the United States, for most of the animals and plants whose structure and habits have been watched by Mr. Gosse are known by sight or by repute throughout the Southern States of the Union. We doubt, however, whether it

* *Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore*. By Charles Kingsley, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Fourth Edition. Cambridge and London: Macmillan.

Letters from Alabama, chiefly relating to Natural History. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. London: Morgan and Chase.

Stray Leaves of a Naturalist. By David Ross. London: Houlston and Wright.

will be equally interesting to the general run of English untravelled readers. Natural History, as we have already said, is so completely a science of observation, that the most interesting particulars respecting animals or plants that we have not seen, and do not expect to see, are comparatively uninteresting. The defect, it is true, has been in some degree supplied by the woodcuts introduced into Mr. Gosse's volume; and if these were increased in number, the satisfaction of European readers would be proportionately increased.

Glaucus is already a well-known and, deservedly, a very popular book. Mr. Kingsley, who possesses in rare combination those gifts of keen eyesight and liveliness of style which make a good writer on natural science, has shown how it is possible to employ the time spared from a multitude of other avocations so as to produce a work not altogether without scientific value, and eminently fitted to stimulate and rightly to direct the growing taste for natural-history pursuits. To turn this from the mere love of collecting and ticketing specimens to the observation of natural objects as living beings, and not as mere dead forms, is the chief object that all true teachers of science should now propose to themselves; and in this useful work Mr. Kingsley has been an influential assistant. Nothing can be better, for vigour and accuracy combined, than many of his descriptions. Though well known to numbers of our readers, we cannot resist the temptation to extract his account of one of the ugliest and most obscure of the sea-worms:—

Whether we are intruding or not in turning this stone, we must pay a fine for having done so, for there lies an animal as foul and monstrous to the eye as "hydra, gorgon, or chimæra dire," and yet so wondrously fitted to its work that we must needs endure, for our own instruction, to handle and to look at it. Its name, if you wish for it, is *Nemertes*, probably *N. Borisii*, a worm of very "low" organization, though well fitted enough for its own work. You see it? That black, shiny, knotted lump among the gravel, small enough to be taken up in a desert-spoon. Look now, as it is raised and its coils drawn out. Three feet—six—nine at least, with a capability of seemingly endless expansion; a shiny tape of living caoutchouc, some eighth of an inch in diameter, a dark chocolate-black, with paler longitudinal lines. Is it alive? It hangs, helpless and motionless, a mere velvet string across the hand. Ask the neighbouring Annelids and the fry of the rock fishes, or put it into a vase at home, and see. It lies motionless, trailing itself among the gravel; you cannot tell where it begins or ends; it may be a dead strip of sea-weed, *Himantalia lorea*, perhaps, or *Chorda filum*; or even a tarred string. So thinks the little fish who plays over and over it, till he touches at last what is too surely a head. In an instant a bell-shaped sucker mouth has fastened to his side. In another instant, from one lip, a concave double proboscis, just like a tapir's—another instance of the repetition of forms—has clasped him like a finger; and now begins the struggle, but in vain. He is being "played" with such a fishing-line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddart never could invent; a living line, with elasticity beyond that of the most delicate fly-rod, which follows every lunge, shortening and lengthening, slipping and twining round every piece of gravel and stem of sea-weed with a tiring drag such as no Highland wrist or step could ever bring to bear on salmon or on trout. The victim is tired now, and slowly, and yet dexterously, his blind assailant is feeling and shifting along his side till he reaches one end of him; and then the black lips expand, and slowly and surely the curved finger begins packing him end-foremost down into the gullet, where he sinks, inch by inch, till the swelling which marks his place is lost among the coils, and he is probably macerated to a pulp long before he has reached the opposite extremity of his cave of doom. Once safe down, the black murderer slowly contracts again into a knotted heap, and lies, like a boa with a stag inside him, motionless and blest.

It is impossible that such writing as this should not stir up some of the people who waste their time in reading novels in sea-side lodgings, or in sauntering listlessly on the sands, to go out and see for themselves what Mr. Kingsley truly calls the "Wonders of the Shore." Why should he not find time for another (or more than one) companion to this delightful book? The river and the mountain stream, the lake and the tarn, have their wonders too, accessible to many whose lot is not cast by the sea-side, and Mr. Kingsley is better able than most men to serve as a guide to them. How many a factory chimney in Yorkshire and Lancashire rises within sight of the moor, or within a walk of the river bank; and what better service can be done for the thousands who are now awakening to a taste for intellectual pleasures, and a love for the beauty and order of Nature, than to help them to see some of the marvels that are within their reach?

It would be a gain, as we think, to the readers of these future companions to *Glaucus* if Mr. Kingsley could so far put the rein upon an arduous work, when descending on a favourite topic, amounts to impetuosity, as to subdivide his subject, so as to enable his readers to find their way again over the ground. He grasps you by the hand, and leads, or rather drags, you down to the slippery rocks, and out to the very verge of low tide, or even a little beyond it, discoursing eloquently and lovingly of each new object that chances to fall in his way; you listen with interest and delight, remembering some of the more curious creatures, and the strange things he has told you of them; but if you want to return and see some of them once more, and to refresh your recollection of what you have heard, there is no choice but to begin the walk over again. Mr. Kingsley himself could not tell in what order, or disorder, they occurred.

There is a blemish, slight but somewhat vexatious, that should be removed in future editions of *Glaucus*. Fully half of the references to the excellent coloured plates, which have been added since its first appearance, are erroneous. Sometimes it is the number of the plate, sometimes that of the figure, and sometimes the name, in the text, which does not correspond with the plate. Such slight defects, and a few others which might be pointed out, diminish in no degree our gratitude to Mr. Kingsley for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from *Glaucus*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 208, OCTOBER 22, 1859:—

Italy and its Prospects. The Navy Reserve.
The San Juan Question. Italians and their Country.
Electoral Corruption. Austrian Credit.
English Progress. L'Idée Napoléonienne.

Fox-hunting Parsons. The Volunteer Movement.
A Century of Divines. A Fighting Bishop.
Philanthropy at Large. The Unweaned.
The Re-opening of the Theatres.

The Minister's Wooing. What is Revelation?
The Queen of Hearts. James's Naval History.
Froebel's Travels in Central America.

London: Published at 39, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has the honour to announce that CHINA will be thrown open to the English, and such other Nations as choose to enter into negotiations at the Box Office, according to the Treaty of last July (provided always that they do not attempt to force any forbidden passage in their journey towards Canton), on SATURDAY EVENING, November 5th.

The Box Office will open on Monday, October 31st, where places may be secured without additional charge for booking. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, for Three Persons, 10s. 6d.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

MESSRS. PAUL and DOMINIC COLNAGHI and CO., 13 and 14, Pall-mall East, Printers and Publishers to Her Majesty the Queen, beg to announce that by Her Majesty's gracious permission they are now publishing a PORTRAIT of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, engraved by Mr. FRANCIS HOLL, from the Drawing by Mr. GEORGE RICHMOND. Artist's Proofs, 43 3s.; Proofs with Autographs, 42 2s.; Prints, 41 1s.

MR. L. V. FLATOU'S THIRD EXHIBITION of high-class MODERN PICTURES for SALE, comprising fine examples by the following Masters:—Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A.; Frith, R.A.; Webster, R.A.; Stanfield, R.A.; D. Roberts, R.A.; Pickersgill, R.A.; Creswick, R.A.; Elmore, R.A.; Leo, R.A.; E. M. Ward, R.A.; Etty, R.A.; Philip, R.A.; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; Frost, A.R.A.; F. Goodall, A.R.A.; Poole, A.R.A.; F. Stone, A.R.A.; Hooke, A.R.A.; Egg, A.R.A.; E. W. Cook, A.R.A.; J. Fied; Linnell, sen.; Jas. Linnell, W. Linnell, Herring, H. O'Neil, Oakes, Bright, Lance, Payne, Ansell, Solomon, Herring, sen., Muller, Hemsley, Miss Mutrie, Provia, Baxter, Knell, West, Passmore, Hill, Henzell, Willis, Branwhite, and many others, at LEGGATT, HAYWARD, and LEGGATT'S, New City Gallery, No. 19, Change-alley, principal entrance by 28, Cornhill, and opposite Garraway's. Admission free on presentation of private card.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTES for YOUNG LADIES. —1, Cadogan-gardens, Sloane-street, S.W.; 2, 23, Somerset-street, Portman-square, W.; 3, Porchester House, Porchester-terrace, W.; will RE-OPEN on the 14th of NOVEMBER (24th year).—French, History, Geography, Astronomy, English, German, Italian, Drawing and Painting, Piano and Singing, Writing and Arithmetic, Dancing and Deportment. Applications to be addressed to Mr. A. Roche, Cadogan-gardens.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—THE MATHEMATICAL MASTERSHIP in this School will be VACANT at CHRISTMAS NEXT. The duties consist of the ordinary Mathematical Teaching required for Universities; for the Woolwich and Sandhurst Examinations; and for the Civil Service, with the general charge of the Modern Department. Candidates are requested to apply by letter to the Rev. E. St. JOHN PARRY, Head Master, enclosing Testimonials. Leamington College, 21st October, 1859.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION of CANDIDATES will be held by the CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS in JULY, 1860. The Competition will be open to all natural-born subjects of Her Majesty who, on the 1st May next, shall be over eighteen years of age and under twenty-two, and of good health and character. Copies of the Regulations may be obtained on application to the Secretary Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W. Civil Service Commission, October 27th, 1859.

INDIAN CIVIL AND MILITARY SERVICES. Addiscombe, Woolwich, and the Line.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, CANAL, assisted by a Wrangler, a Cambridge Classic, and other eminent Professors of French, German, Fortification, Drawing, and Hindustani, receives into his family TEN PRIVATE PUPILS, and prepares them for the above. References to the parents of those whom he has passed. High Terms not so much an object as pupils who will work and distinguish themselves.—Address Rev. M.A., care of G. C. SILK, Esq., 70, Pall-mall, S.W.

AN OXFORD M.A. who graduated in Classical and Mathematical Honours, and has filled the office of Public Classical Examiner, resigns (by marriage) a Fellowship and the Senior Tutorship of his College, and wishes to receive into his House TWO PUPILS, to be prepared for College Scholarships, Matriculation, or the higher classes of the Public Schools. Terms according to requirements.—Address Revd. OCTAVIUS OGILBY, 20, Park-crescent, Oxford.

LIBRARIES.—Mr. EDWARD EDWARDS (Author of "Memoirs of Libraries," and of the article "Libraries" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica") offers his services (and the results of the practical experience of more than twenty years) in the ARRANGEMENT, ENLARGEMENT, CATALOGUING, &c., of LIBRARIES, Public or Private.

39, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, October, 1859.

PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS.

THE COMMITTEE of the EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION are enabled, through the great liberality of an employer—JAMES SPENCE, Esq., of 78, St. Paul's Churchyard—to offer a PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS for the best ESSAY on the SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY and EARLY PAYMENT OF WAGES Questions.

ADJUDICATORS—The Very Rev. the Dean of CANTERBURY, B.D., Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., and BENJAMIN SHAW, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

A Statement of Conditions to be observed by the Competitors will be forwarded, on application being made to the Superintending Secretary of the "Early Closing Association," 35, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

HEAL AND SON'S EIDER-DOWN QUILTS, from One Guinea to Ten Guineas; also Goose-Down Quilts, from 8s. 6d. to 25s. List of Prices and Sizes sent free by post.—Heal and Son's new Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads and Priced List of Bedding also sent post free.—106, Tottenham-court-road, (W.)

MESSRS. OSLER, 45, Oxford-street, London, W., beg to announce that their NEW GALLERY (adjoining their late premises), recently erected from the designs of Mr. Owen Jones, is NOW OPEN, and will be found to contain a more extensive assortment of GLASS CHANDELIERs, Table and Ornamental Glass, &c., than their hitherto limited space has enabled them to exhibit.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.

Subscriptions, Donations, and Legacies are GREATLY NEEDED to maintain in full vigour this Charity, which has no endowment. PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec. HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

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ESTABLISHED 1802.—TWO HUNDRED BEDS.

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Cases of Fever of every kind, and in all stages of malignity, occurring in the Families of the Poor, or among the Domestic of the Affluent, are received into the Hospital at all hours.

FUNDS are PRESSINGLY NEEDED. Money may be paid to the Treasurers, Messrs. HOARE and Co., Fleet-street; or to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

HYDROPATHY.—MOOR PARK, Farnham, near Aldershot
Camp, Surrey. Physician, EDWARD W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin., Author of "Hydrophaty; or, Hygienic Medicine." Second Edition. London: John Churchill. 1858.

HYDROPATHY.—THE BEULAH SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and HOTEL, Upper Norwood, replete with every comfort, within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, has been OPENED for the reception of Patients and Visitors. Terms moderate. For particulars apply to Dr. RITZER-BANDT, M.D. Berlin, the Resident Physician.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.**THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

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THE SIXTH DIVISION OF THE COMPANY'S PROFITS is appointed to be made at 15th November, 1860, and all Policies effected before 15th November, 1859, will participate in that division.

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PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

Sums proposed for assurance during the year 1858..... £596,369 2 4

Sums assured during the year 1858, exclusive of annuity transac-
tions..... 507,522 9 0

Corresponding Annual Premiums on new policies..... 16,695 11 10

Annual Revenues (15th November, 1859)..... 278,909 8 8

Accumulated Fund, invested in Government securities, in land,
mortgages, &c. (15th November, 1858)..... 1,565,105 9 0

The Directors invite particular attention to the liberal terms and conditions of assurance introduced by this Company into the practice of life assurance.

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The privileges of this class are—permission to travel and reside in any part of the world, free of extra premium; and the cancellation of all conditions under the Company's policies, which thus become unchallengeable on any ground whatever except non-payment of the ordinary premium.

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Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary in London, in Edinburgh, or in Dublin; or by application to any of the agents in England, Scotland, or Ireland.

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